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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 878. SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

ALL ABOARD FOR UTOPIA

by A. G. Gardiner

Beecham's Pills

A good appetite comes only by having a good digestion; if this is impaired you should take a few doses of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

They have a wonderful and well-deserved reputation for the speedy relief of

BILIOUSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, LASSITUDE, IMPAIRED DIGESTION, POOR APPETITE

and other troubles which arise from a disordered Liver and Stomach. They cleanse the system, give tone to the digestive organs, and will restore you to sound and vigorous health.

Sold everywhere, in boxes.

Whilst you hesitate others are earning

Accept Now the job that "JOHN BULL" offers.

Mr. H. G. Turnbull, 35, Westbourne Grove, Hessle, E. Yorks, earns £10 10s. in one week.

ALL the time you are making up your mind to investigate this employment offer, you could be putting extra money into your pocket. Every week we are adding new members to our staff of "John Bull" Subscription Representatives. Get one of these well paid jobs whilst the vacancies last.

Mr. Richard Higgins, 28, Witty Road, Hessle Road, Hull, earns £9 in one week.

Mrs. H. S. Rixland, 31, Maryfield, Portobello, earns £9 in one week.

These positions call for no previous experience; there is nothing to buy; we give you a Working Outfit FREE when you commence.

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And you will be in good company. There is a dignity about representing one of the fastest growing papers in the world. Perhaps that is why our Representatives are drawn from people in all walks of life. Clergymen, students, bank clerks, school masters, commercial travellers, as well as those in various trades—all are on our pay roll, either turning their spare time into cash or else devoting their entire energies to this congenial and well-paid work.

Mr. G. S. Sanders, Long Stratton, Norwich, earns £8 16s. in one week.

Mr. T. Hicks, 7, Abbey Place, Faversham, earns £8 10s. in one week.

Why not let us make YOU a cash offer for your spare or whole time? First

WRITE FOR THE

Golden Book

which explains our plan fully and shows how you can earn money right from the start. Write for the book to-day before someone else steps into the vacancy that might have been yours. Fill in the coupon now.

Mr. H. Barron, 13, Holborn Street, Prince Road, Plymouth, earns £8 16s. in one week.

Mr. W. Summers, 7, Albert Place, Tennant Street, Birmingham, earns £8 8s. in one week.

Clip here if you want more money

To JOHN BULL *Insurance Department, Section a, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

I desire to become a JOHN BULL Subscription Representative. Please send me, Free and Post Free and without obligation on my part, your "GOLDEN BOOK," and full particulars of your offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Date.....J.B. 31 3 23.

Post this now, in an unsealed envelope (½d. stamp).

Would £5 5s. help if you were sick?

59 more readers claim sickness benefits.

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID 3,557.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

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BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. G. BACON, 72, Melton Road, King's Heath.
PETERBOROUGH.—Mrs. A. BROWNING, 28, South View Road, Walton.
DEVIZES.—H. C. BUCKLAND, White Street, Market Lavington.
BURY ST. EDMUND'S.—M. BISHOP, nr. Church, Drinkstone.
RAMSGATE.—Mrs. M. BURKE, 43, Alexandra Road.
RHONDDA.—Mrs. S. BUTTON, 7, Knoll Terrace, Blaen Clydach.
WOLVERHAMPTON.—W. A. BURTON, 95, Morley Hill, Wednesfield.
DEVIZES.—A. BAKER, White Street, Market Lavington.
BLETCHINGLEY.—V. CONSTABLE, Harewood Cottages, Outwood.
NEWPORT, MON.—W. H. CRAVE, 17, Daniel Street.
CHELSEA, S.W. 3.—W. R. COOPER, 2, F. Sutton Trust, Cale Street.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. COLTON, 1, Cemetery Road, Burn Cross.
GAINSBOROUGH.—F. DAVIDSON, 66, Acquith Street.
TREDEGAR.—G. DRAPER, 5, Fair View, New House.
UPTON PARK, E. 13.—Mrs. M. DEWING, 204, Queen's Road.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mrs. J. W. DIXON, 53, Frances Street.
HENGOED.—T. DAWKINS, Sunny Side, Cefn.
NORTHAMPTON.—Mrs. A. EADS, 15, Council House, Dallington.
DUNSTABLE.—J. S. R. GROOM, 92, West Street.
MOUNTAIN ASH.—J. G. GREGORY, 38, Capel-ton Street.
BOW, E. 3.—Mrs. S. HARDING, 165, Roman Road.
BIGGLESWADE.—C. HATTON, 35, Della Lane
HOLSWORTHY.—W. HARRIS, 3, Trewyn Road.
GRIMSBY.—Mrs. F. HENSON, 96, Balcroft Street, New Cleethorpes.
RUGELEY.—G. HALL, 51, Lion Street.
TROEDRHIWFUIOCH, MON.—P. JONES, 69, High Street.
CRUMBIN, MON.—W. H. LEE, 87, Rectory Road.
LLANELLY.—T. LOVELESS, Louvain House.
LAMBETH, S.E.—S. LUEN, 125, Mitre Street.
TALKE.—R. LEWINGTON, 147, Crown Bank.
SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. E. A. LOCKE, 8, Fenton Street, Eckington.
DOVER.—Mrs. A. MURCOTT, 18, Hillside Road, Buckland.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. F. MILLINGTON, 5, House, 62, Court Farm Street.
IPSWICH.—Mrs. J. MAYHEW, Manor House, Gosbeck.
GREENOCK.—W. J. NIXON, 16, Murdieston Street.
KINGLASSIE.—J. NESS, 19, Colliery Cotts.
PORTHCAWL.—Mrs. M. R. PATTINSON, 1, Sand Bay.
TYLORSTOWN.—Mrs. L. PHIPPS, 19, Bryngwyn.
WESTBURY.—W. POTTER, School House, Dilton Marsh.
RUGELEY.—G. F. RICHARDS, The Cricket Field, Cannock Wood.
TREDEGAR, MON.—C. TOWNSEND, 59A, Charles Street.
NEWMARKET.—A. E. WARREN, 7, Coronation Cottages, Ennine Road.
PORTLAND.—Mrs. M. WALLACE, 1, Belle Vue Terrace.
TEWKESBURY.—Mrs. A. WEBB, Westmancote.
PONTYPRIDD.—Mrs. F. WATTS, 53, Merthyr Road.
DEVIZES.—F. WAITE, The Dairy House, Lydway.
AXMUNDHAM.—J. CABLE, Post House, Kiln Lane.
WORCESTER.—A. COX, 20, Batty Street.
BATH.—Mrs. M. HALL, The Vicarage, Milton Clevedon, Evercreech.
BUCKHAVEN, (FIFE).—Mrs. LANGLANDS, 10, Wellesley Road.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. F. M. LEEDHAM, 39, Union Street, Lye.
ST. HELENS.—T. POTTER, 301, Derbyshire Hill Road, Parr.
WIGAN.—Mrs. M. SHAW, 3, Bryan Street, Bamfurlong.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. L. G. BACON, 72, Melton Road, King's Heath.
STOURBRIDGE.—Mrs. F. M. LEEDHAM, 39, Union Street, Lye.
BIRCHINGTON.—E. GAMBRILL, Walmes Cottage, St. Nicholas-at-Wade.
PONTYPRIDD.—H. N. GRAY, 7, Bonvilston Terrace.
MYNACH, SOUTH WALES.—H. JONES, 27, Bryn Mynach Ave., Ystrad.
CHELTENHAM.—Mrs. JENKINS, 3, Rose Cottages, Alstone.

Many more names unavoidably held over. We have paid, in addition, benefits on account of FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, GAS EXPLOSIONS, BURST HOT WATER PIPES and HOME ACCIDENTS. If you have not yet registered, sign the forms below.

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To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

Date.....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full Policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

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Address .....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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Blade protected by a masta'gravel painted red and bronze. Or po lished in a. Fresh and old bread can be cut without waste. Bacon can be b ught cheaper in the piece and cut with equal fac lity on this machine as your grocer can cut it on his. Price reduced f. om 21/- to 8/9 (post paid).

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Extremely light and strong. Will not rust as machines are made of Aluminium throughout. Very strong grip—once fixed will not move. To every machine there is one cutter and two discs. Prices reduced from 1/6 to 1/3 post paid.

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TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME

and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
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CLARNICO LILY BRAZILS are the favourite of all *parties* whose *taste* is good.

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Of all Confectioners

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Vol. XXXIII. No. 878.
Week ending Saturday,
Mar. 31, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

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Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

No Building Hold-Up!

Neither strike nor lock-out must be allowed in the building trade. This is a case for immediate arbitration by the Ministry of Labour.

No More Doles.

The Premier is right in insisting that agriculture must be self-supporting. Subsidies would only raise still further prices already much too high.

This Year—Next Year.

So we are not to have 1d. and ½d. postage restored this year after all? Some day it will dawn on the Government that dear communication is trade's biggest handicap.

Suspicious Anxiety.

Germany has tried, without success, to get both Britain and America to lay her proposals before France. If these proposals were sound there would be no need to seek mediation.

Sign, Please!

Turkey has met the Allies more than halfway and is asking for a speedy peace. Political trickery must now give way to practical commonsense. Delay means useless war.

Some Guarantee!

British workers are being invited to lend money to Russia at five per cent., guaranteed by the Soviet Government. We don't think much of the security.

Backing a Loser.

Why has M. Venizelos been invited to London as the guest of the Government? Bitter experience has proved Greece to be the wrong horse for Britain to back.

The Next Step.

The housing subsidy is a modest start on this immense problem, but it will prove useless unless backed up by legislation to prevent the robbery of the ratepayers by the building "rings."

The Mesopot. Snowball.

£1,300,000 is to be spent on Hinaidi, the armed camp outside Baghdad, which has already cost £980,000. And still more is to be spent next year—unless Parliament stops this senseless waste.

The Winner Pays!

British Income Tax receipts £345,000,000. German Income Tax receipts £32,500,000. There is no need to point the moral to adorn *this* tale.

A Brain Wave!

The Committee of Inquiry on Domestic Service is composed entirely of women. One of the really sensible things this Government has done.

A Bread Puzzle.

The cost of the flour in a 9d. loaf is 5½d. Who pockets this swollen profit? It is a matter for Government inquiry and action.

Cut the Red Tape.

Thousands of necessitous school children are too hungry to learn. That notorious "circular 51" must be scrapped and education authorities allowed to feed the kiddies.

The Biggest Farce of All.

Russia is exporting grain to Germany and receiving famine supplies from America. The whole world badly needs a return to sanity and political commonsense.

Dreams and Realities.

In Palestine there are 79,000 Jews and 676,000 Arabs. That "National" Home is a myth sustained only by British bayonets. Bring those troops home!

Soldiers v. Politicians.

The War Office favours immediate withdrawal from Mesopotamia. The politicians have now not a vestige of an excuse for spending another penny there.

They're Needed Here.

The proposal to send unemployed British builders to France is the last word in Government incompetence. Don't they know yet that there is a housing problem *here?*

Recall Allenby!

The British Government's own nominee for the Egyptian Premiership has refused office while martial law is in force, and the policy of repression thereby stands self-condemned.

Our Net Sales

The Net Sales of John Bull which are given hereunder are the largest of any twopenny weekly periodical in the world.

Issue dated	*Feb.*	*17th, 1923*	*679,343*
"	"	*24th* "	*685,834*
"	*Mar.*	*3rd* "	*691,539*
"	"	*10th* "	*706,503*
"	"	*17th* "	*713,377*

Certified by FRANKLIN, WILD & Co., Orient House, New Broad Street, E.C., and MARWICK MITCHELL & Co., Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, S.W.1.
Chartered Accountants.

Alcohol Next?

Science has pronounced smoking to be antiseptic and good for health. The faddist will begin to dislike the scientist if this sort of thing goes on.

Naturally.

Crime, says the Chairman of the London Parks Committee, has diminished since Sunday games were permitted. Another nail in Stiggins' coffin.

In Politics, Anyway!

According to British scientists, there is no danger of a slump in genius. Judging by the chaotic state of the world, the slump has already arrived.

The Price of Inaction.

France is the latest addition to the countries seeking to make friends with Russia. Soon the British trader will be the only one left out in the cold unless the Government moves.

A Pressing Reform.

60,000 men and women are still tied for life to incurable lunatics as the result of dropping the lunacy clause from the Divorce Reform Bill. It is a problem that *must* be solved.

Imitation Despotism.

The Viceroy of India has power to enforce taxation rejected by the Indian Legislature. Lord Reading would do well to remember that it was this game that cost Charles I. his head.

Too Enterprising!

At a Conference of the West of England Chamber of Commerce the statement was made that 1,000 breakages a day occur in the parcels post. Not exactly an advertisement for State enterprise.

And they Meet.

Parliament has a chance to abolish the brutal field punishment of "crucifixion" when the Annual Army Act comes up for discussion. It is as useless as it is degrading.

A Critical Year.

According to Lord Grey we are on the brink of a new competition in armaments. Which means that Europe has to choose between real peace or the ruin of civilisation.

Easy for Hogs.

The Ministry of Transport have informed the Manchester Watch Committee that tests for motorists before they are granted licences would not be justified. Thus do all conspire to make it easy for the road hog.

War-time Captives.

There are six British-born men still in American prisons serving long terms for political offences during the war, though many convicted German agents have been pardoned. The Foreign Office could, and should, secure their release.

The Bulldog Breed.

John Walker, aged three, fell into a stream at Chichester. His brother Albert, aged five, tried to rescue him and both were drowned. A little sister witnessed the tragedy and heard the child hero cry as he jumped in "I'll try to save him." Brotherly love and gallantry indeed!

The Root of an Evil.

At Lincoln 130 slum dwellings are to be pulled down and parlour houses are to be erected by the Council and let at 8s. 6d. a week. The slum dwellers will probably not be able to pay this rent and further over-crowding will result. Poverty is at the root of the housing problem.

Carried Unanimously.

Mrs. Eulalie Doyle, of St. Julian Road, Kilburn, took a fatal dose of poison, after her husband had hit her with the tongs. The coroner said he was satisfied that the husband had treated his wife brutally, and that he was morally responsible for her death. He was sorry he had no power to punish Doyle. So are we.

The Arch-Hypocrite.

Ada Fielding, a single woman, of Barrowford, visited John Livingstone, a married missioner of North Street, Winchelsea, to learn how to be good. How he taught her is disclosed by the fact that he is the father of her child. The little one died, and its foster-mother has expressed the belief that "the Holy Spirit was wrought upon it for its deliverance from evil." She must have Livingstone in mind.

Cadging for Crumbs.

War-spent Patrick Duffy, after giving Britain his best in South Africa and in France, was so poverty-stricken that he had to beg in Newry's streets, so the "humane" police locked him up. To the credit of Newry's Magistrates it stands that they made a collection amongst themselves for him and directed that he should be sent into a hospital. The pity is that one who followed the drums was ever left to cadge for crumbs.

George Lyons—Brute.

A humane man would treat his dog better than George Lyons, of Leyland, treated his own poor son. One wet and bitter night, he stripped all the clothes from the child and brutally turned him into the street to starve. The mother's heart was torn by the father's harsh and cruel treatment, and many times she threw herself upon him to save her boy. Lyons being in gaol, one Leyland home should be happier during the next four months.

A Bench and a Beast.

In imposing a fine of £5 on Herbert Henry Harley, a Walmer insurance agent, for an indecent assault on a little girl nine years of age, the Mayor of Deal said he hoped it would go forth to the public through the press that the Bench intended to deal severely with any similar cases brought before them. We should have thought more of their good intentions had they sent the brute to prison for six months, as they had the power to do.

A Helping Hand.

Kind hearts beat on the Stratford bench. A young man named Kilbourn, and his fiancée, Miss Mignall, both unemployed, tried to make an honest living by hawking needles and thread from door to door. The unfortunate couple forgot that a pedlar's licence was necessary, and a police court ordeal was added to their troubles. The Stratford magistrates, however, discharged them, and granted the price of a pedlar's licence out of the poor box. That is the way to administer justice.

Unnatural Women.

Certain women of West Riding ought to be ashamed of themselves. John Thomas Leach, of Woodlands, was proved to have had relations with two young girls. Because it was held that he had reason to believe the children were over sixteen, he was acquitted. And the unnatural women who had listened to the case applauded. No wonder such crime is so prevalent.

"The Woman Pays."

Olive Beaumont was sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude for performing illegal operations. The man who introduced the "victims" to Beaumont was sentenced to—nothing! He was required as a Crown witness! To the lay mind this appears to be grossly unjust, and "amend the law" will be a universal cry.

Bumble First.

In order to secure tenancy of one of the houses erected by the Barry Council it almost seems that an applicant must be a member of the Council, a relative of a member, or a particular friend of one of the local Bumbles. Meanwhile, there are scores of pitiful cases of ex-service men herded with their families in rooms which are quite inadequate. Where are the homes for heroes?

Be Warned in Time.

All strikes are deplorable. The one now materialising in the South Wales coalfield will be particularly so. A strike of such magnitude as it will be means untold misery, suffering, and loss. The toll will fall on winners, losers, and non-combatants alike. Its effect upon the mining industry—whatever the result—will be shown in decreased production and higher working costs. Such a strike is worse than a blunder. It is a crime.

A Farmer and His Lass.

At Lanchester Court, Durham, the tale was told of Henry Craggs, a farmer, and his housekeeper, Lily Herman and their treatment of a servant girl, aged 16. Craggs laid the girl on a table and thrashed her. Herdman beat her for having taken cake without permission and for not having milked the cows satisfactorily after supper. Medical evidence showed revolting cruelty and the defendants were fined £20 each. The girl admitted that she had asked Craggs to beat her "to make her a better girl." Craggs should have had the thrashing to make him a better man.

Saved from the Prison Taint.

The common sense of Otley's Magistrates prompted them to deal in a humane way with a broken-spirited ex-Service man who obtained food and lodgings without paying for them. After being seriously wounded and discharged, the poor chap married, but, in confinement, his wife died. He gave way to drink, and made the mistake which brought him into Court. The Magistrates gave him the train fare to a town where there was work for him. That is the way to save men from the prison taint.

A Dog's Life.

Constable William Hatt, of the Metropolitan Police, Hounslow, describes himself as a lover of dogs. He killed one in the Bath Road, Hounslow, by battering it over the head with his truncheon. The dog's skull was cracked and its eyes ruptured. He said the dog had been run over, and he killed it in its own interest. The magistrates believed him, dismissing a charge of cruelty. The incident took place close to the house of a veterinary surgeon. If a constable's duty to a wounded dog is not to succour it but to bludgeon it to death, it is only another proof that the law is an ass.

Hove's Horror.

Hove's snobocracy are just now horror-stricken at the new agitation for Sunday bands, which presumably will not only worry them but also waken them. There is a fear of "competition with the churches." As the Rev. Rhondda Williams acidly suggests, if a church can't compete with a band it had better shut up.

Called Back to Life.

A Norwegian seaman, Harmescu by name, was dragged out from the Barry Dock, and, showing no signs of life, was being taken to the mortuary. A passing workman, however, was allowed to try artificial respiration, and within half an hour Harmescu had quite recovered. The officials' negligence must be condemned, but the workman's efforts warrant the highest praise.

Brazen as Ever.

In spite of repeated exposures, the Star Brass Foundry Co., of 4, Burbury Street, Nottingham, are still endeavouring to impose upon people by offering to present purchasers of their goods with a "beautiful brass kerb or fender." The "wonderful free gift" is illustrated in their catalogue, but when it is too late customers discover that they have been tricked, the kerb or fender being a model only a few inches long, suitable for a doll's house.

The Right Spirit.

We commend to other "beaks" the action of the Wokingham Bench in suspending the driving licence of Henry Lestrange Brenan, a Sandhurst cadet, for two years, in addition to fining him £30. Brenan scorched along a Wokingham road, refused to stop when called upon to do so, and bowled over and injured a boy. As the driver's seat of a motor-car seems to convert certain types into dangerous maniacs a stern lesson is needed.

Marriage a Crime.

Mr. A. Bell, twenty-four years of age, six foot one, who joined the army when he was sixteen and left it with an excellent character after eight years' service, married, but without family, recently applied for a job as a constable with the East Suffolk Police. He was turned away, as that force "Does not take Married Men." There are many war widows to-day who regret that the Chief Constable of Suffolk was not in charge of the army when the services of married men were not disdained in the Great War.

Fish and Flesh.

Half a dozen people driving commercial cars were fined £5 each as the result of a police trap at Eastleigh, Hampshire. In no case were they alleged to be going twenty miles an hour. At the same court, Elaine Pailfrey, of Branksome Chine House, charged with driving a private car at thirty-five miles an hour, was fined £3. Why are useful people, delivering goods, fined more than mere pleasure-seeking motorists? Is it another example of one law for the workers, another for the leisured rich?

Charity—But Not at Home.

The Council of St. Paul's Church, Southsea, hold strange views regarding charity. Although an urgent appeal has been issued by the Committee of the Portsmouth Goodwill Fund for £1,000 to enable them to continue their work of feeding hungry children and relieving the most urgent cases of distress in the town, when it was proposed that the Good Friday collections should be devoted to this object, the Council ignored the proposal and decided to allocate the money to the Near East Refugee Fund. Have they never heard that charity should begin at home?

Wake Up!

According to Sir Charles Yate, M.P., leprosy in this country is on the increase and there are fifty cases in London alone. The most amazing part, however, is that the disease is not notifiable. Now then, Mr. Health Minister, wake up and get busy!

"Free Trade Once More."

Lord Provost Meff of Aberdeen is evidently an ardent believer in Free Trade. Despite the fact that local fishermen are in very sore straits amid jeers and hisses he publicly sold a large quantity of German-caught fish. A proper action no doubt, but we have much sympathy with the local men.

Off the Rolls.

The High Commissioner for South Africa gave an order to an English firm for locomotives. The English firm sub-let part of the contract to a Swiss firm, which sub-let it to a German firm in the Ruhr, where the locomotives are still held up. South African readers ask us if British orders cannot be carried out in Britain, where there is so much unemployment. We certainly think they ought to be. What has the High Commissioner to say?

Exiled Tommies.

A big grouse reaches us from Tommies at Chanak, which they describe as "a dirty, scurvy, stinking place in Turkey-in-Asia." They are almost entirely dependent for comforts upon supplies sent from home, but parcels take months in transit and often arrive in such a condition that the contents are useless. One parcel posted early in November was delivered—what was left of it—in a sack on March 9th. Surely the P.M.G. can make things easier for soldiers doomed to exile in such an outlandish spot.

Humanising the Pensions Ministry.

Good luck to the private members' Bill introduced by Mr. Frederick Roberts, which aims at humanising the Pensions Ministry! At present if an ex-service man is suffering from any disease he has to prove that it was due to war service. This means the filling up of forms galore, inconvenient delays, and many injustices. The Bill throws upon the Pensions Ministry the onus of proving that the incapacity was not due to war service—a difficult task as men were supposed to be fit when accepted for service.

Stymied at Cologne.

A large number of officers of the Rhine Army contributed extensively to the improvement of an old German golf course which was requisitioned for their use. Those who have been demobilised and have remained resident in Cologne have recently been expelled, the Secretary stating that it is the wish of the Commander-in-Chief that the course should be reserved for military people only. Yet the original German members and about a dozen privileged persons are allowed to remain. Can General Godley—the man responsible—really intend such an injustice?

A Graveyard Scandal.

Over a year ago a Southend reader paid £17 to F. E. Woodhams, a local undertaker, for the expenses of burying his daughter, which included the fee for a separate grave. He was recently horrified to find that this fee had been retained by the undertaker, and that any other body might be interred in the grave in consequence. Only after the matter had been brought to the notice of the Town Clerk did Woodhams hand over the money. This is a disgraceful state of affairs, and ought to be investigated by the Local Authority.

"All, All are Mad!"

Dr. Gavin reported to the Mullingar Asylum that a lunatic had escaped from the institution, joined the army and was eventually found drilling a large squad of soldiers! Found insane by some doctors and pronounced fit for the army by others! Could there be a stronger argument in favour of asylum reform?

Cruel Wit.

Bradford's Stipendiary Magistrate may think his attempt at an epigram, "Neurasthenia is one part ability and nine parts disinclination to work," was clever, but we can only call it cruel. Only those who have undergone the horrors and hardships of the battlefield and who have been blown up or buried by high-explosives can appreciate the utter callousness of such a remark. Such wisdom from the Bench can well be dispensed with.

Dangerous Delay.

S. V. Morgan, an ex-soldier of the Suffolk Regiment, was undergoing training with a Croydon firm of contractors. He was obviously in such a serious state of health that one of the partners sent him to a doctor, who certified him to be suffering from acute nephritis. Notwithstanding the dangerous condition he was in, he was kept hanging about for a fortnight before being given treatment, and then *without allowances*. Is this the way to treat a disabled ex-soldier?

The Writing on the Face.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

LONG ago, while on a visit to a foreign country, I carried letters of introduction to a distinguished personage then at the beginning of a stormy official career.

I was charmed with him. He was so unaffectedly simple and sincere, so boyishly eager and enthusiastic, so ready to speak of his hopes and ideals, that I fell at once under his spell.

If ever a man's character were written in his countenance it was so with that man. His was a face to be remembered for the beauty of soul it revealed.

Ten or eleven years later I saw that face again, and it gave me a shock.

I ought not to have expected it to be the same, but somehow I did.

It was not the same. A decade of life-history had been written on it.

It was craftier, colder, harder, less expressive of generous and noble thoughts.

It was not a bad face, but the story it told was not a good one.

The promise of earlier days had been unfulfilled. Meeting men on the lower levels of life had gradually induced a habit of mind very different from that with which the gifted young administrator had begun his work. And that fact was as plainly inscribed on his face for anyone to read as if it had been written with a pen dipped in acid.

As with this man, so with all men. The thoughts we keep company with write themselves indelibly both on the inner fabric of the soul, and the changing outer being. As is the one, so is the other. Every line tells a tale.

We read that writing involuntarily when we look at one another, but we seldom pause to reflect how infallibly the process continues in ourselves.

An ugly face is pleasing if it reflects a benevolent nature, and no trick can conceal the marks of greed and lust.

The recording angel's book is the soul itself, and the face is the index.

Desecration Runs Riot.

The Liverpool Burials Committee, with an utter disregard of those immediately concerned, has sold hundreds of jars and other mementos taken from the graves in the various local cemeteries. Possibly the desecration of the Egyptian tombs has set the fashion of robbing the dead.

Sheer Carelessness.

Edwin Ward, of Hill Street, Hackney, a chemist who made up a prescription and omitted to put in two ingredients, was fined 20 shillings and £10 10s. costs at the North London Police Court. The carelessness of chemists has recently been the subject of startling medical statements and what they leave out is not so important as what they wrongly put in.

Five Shilling Actors.

In a theatrical burlesque called Unemployment, which was played recently, at a theatre in Sheffield, real unemployed got a job as supers. Their duty was to form up in a queue and draw unemployment pay. Their real life experience enabled the men to fill the role to perfection. The relieving officer heard of it and tried to stop their relief, but when it was found that their stage pay was only 5s. a week no action was taken. A wise decision.

Trench Coat Trick.

A firm calling itself Geo. Weston and Co., Inverness Road, Hounslow, advertise officers' trench coats for 15s. with order, balance in nine weekly instalments of 5s. each—a fairly good price. They take the first payment, and do not take the trouble to send the coat or reply to letters of protest! Readers who have paid and got nothing ask us to warn others of this clever business firm. We do, and we warn Geo. Weston and Co. at the same time.

Money-Making for Mugs.

M. A. Chesterfield, the Mail Order Specialist, of 11, Adam Street, Strand, to whom we have previously referred, continues to wax eloquent in his circulars on the prospects of those who engage in this business. If the profits to be made are half as great as he represents, it is surprising that he has not long ago made a fortune which would relieve him of the necessity of touting for guineas for his "Instruction Course of Money Making Propositions." It looks as though precept pays better than practice.

Robbing a Blind Hero.

A policeman at Isleworth found a blind man wet through to the skin and helplessly intoxicated. It transpired that he had that morning been discharged from St. Dunstan's with £30 in his pocket, and had got as far as Hammersmith, where he met a man who promised to see him to his friends. This scoundrel plied him with liquor, put him into a motor-car, robbed him of all his money, and then flung him into a ditch. This is about the most horribly mean theft we have ever heard of, and we trust the unknown perpetrator chokes with his next bite of food.

The Mystery of a Necklace.

In reply to our recent Candid Communication, Mrs. Vogel, of Milton Ernest, Bedfordshire, informs us that neither she nor her husband had anything to do with the charge against their butler, Mr. Speyer, of stealing a £2,000 necklace; also the lady denies that she was guilty of any carelessness in the handling of her jewels. Naturally, we accept Mrs. Vogel's statement, which makes it more than ever inexplicable that the police should have arrested Speyer and then withdrawn the charge. Who *was* responsible for this high-handed proceeding?

A MEAN TRICKSTER

That the Police should at once get the film faker Northcote is clearly shown in this article.

OUR recent exposure of a particularly callous and calculating bogus film producer, Sydney Webber Northcote, has had a striking sequel. From different parts of the country have come charges against this specious faker, of obtaining money by false pretences.

These charges are so definite, and spread over so long a period, that we have no hesitation in calling upon the police to effect his immediate arrest.

Northcote has the effrontery to style himself the "Northcote Film Productions, Park Chambers, Park Street, Lytham, Lancs."

Here is an extract of a pathetic story from a woman which is typical of many which have reached us, since our exposure. It comes from Delhi Grove, Greenheys, Manchester.

"I read your article re Sydney Northcote in your issue of March 10th with great interest, as unfortunately I have been duped by him myself. To cut a long story short, he induced me to part with £11 and my passport on the pretence that he was going to buy my outfit in London. He also gave me a contract for £4 10s. a week and hotel and travelling expenses. I was to go with him ot Madeira, to take part in some films he was producing there."

Of course all this was the sheer and shallow scheming of a scoundrel. Nothing happened and the disillusioned writer now begs for the return—not so much of her money, but of her passport, because, as she rightly asserts, "it should not be in the hands of such an unscrupulous man."

Another Manchester correspondent, so bitter at Northcote's shabby treatment of him, that he would like "to meet him," tells how he was "mugged" out of over £4,000.

The story makes remarkable reading. By sheer hard work this man managed to save in 24 years some four to five thousand pounds. He was introduced to Northcote by a Manchester firm of business transfer agents. He admits that he was "taken in" by Northcote's plausible manner and agreed to finance the taking of a film in the Canary Islands "at a cost up to £2,000 and no more."

The trip was duly made, part of a film actually taken, and in less than a month the £2,000 had been all spent! The victim had to cable home for more money in order to take the party home.

Not content with this, Northcote made an urgent request for more money and by further promises of big things to come—"when the film was completed"—succeeded in inducing this man to part to the tune of several hundred pounds more.

And the film has yet to be produced!

We have only to add this: Northcote is an undischarged bankrupt "whereabouts unknown." With the information in our possession, and which is at the disposal of the police, it should be a fairly easy matter to trace an impostor of a particularly despicable type. Let the police act:

"Nature" School for Society Cranks

Weird Music and Flimsy Draperies

IN the heart of a French forest certain distinguished British Intellectuals of both sexes indulge in nightly paroxysms of weird dancing and mysticism in the practice of a "soul" seeking cult inaugurated by a handsome and alluring Greek.

WHO is Gurdjieff, the mysterious Greek, with a new system of philosophy, who has established a new religious cult in the beautiful forest of Fontainebleau, near Paris?

He presides over a strange colony of disciples, many of them English people of great distinction in the literary and artistic world, who call him "The Master," and submit themselves to the occult and mystic influences in which he deals.

The colony is conducted on very elaborate lines, with a "Temple" devoted to the Gurdjieff mysteries, a "House of Study," and a "House of Pleasure." Many distinguished English people are interested in this Cult, and steeped in the new theory and practice propounded by Gurdjieff, are urging their friends to join them. Amongst the recruits are princesses, peeresses, Continental barons, British men and women of letters, and many distinguished figures in the social and artistic world. The jaded wealthy are streaming across the Channel to this strange outpost of "immortality" at Fontainebleau.

One distinguished visitor, Miss Kathleen Mansfield, died there recently. She went there seriously ill with phthisis, and consulted "The Master." As the result of her conversation with him, she remained at the Colony, the atmosphere of which was to be an important element in her "cure." The mysterious power of "The Master" did not save her life.

We do not pretend to understand the philosophy which Gurdjieff teaches, except that it is supposed to develop the body and the emotions, and bring them into harmonious relation. Gurdjieff's pupils themselves say that it would take years to penetrate and grasp the inner mystery of his elusive system.

But as far as the bodily development is concerned, Gurdjieff works his disciples hard. Refined and well-to-do people, they go out into the fields in the morning, dig potatoes and cabbages, and work like farm labourers, for eight hours a day, until they have reached the extreme limit of physical exhaustion.

Then they discard the rough clothes in which they have to work, and gather in the "House of Pleasure." Here all is mystery, and soft, sensuous charm. Dancing is an important part of the cult. In some way you can dance yourself into the possession of a soul. The dances take place in a beautiful apartment into which come floating the strains of weird music played by unseen musicians. Fountains of coloured waters scent the air with a spray of intoxicating perfume. All round this "House of Pleasure" are low and wide divans, where, in the soft, dim light, the men and women disciples recline after the excitement of the dance, and seek to bring into harmony their emotional, intellectual and physical faculties.

The dance, like the philosophy, is unique.

It is a symbolic dance, every movement of which is designed to produce some effect upon the mind, and to correct the spiritual and temperamental sicknesses from which the disciples may suppose themselves to be suffering.

In this way the disciples, tired and jaded with their experiences in the dull world of ordinary life, learn to give full sway to their three-fold faculties of mind, body and emotion.

Those who have been there long are completely dominated by the fascinating personality of this mysterious, hypnotic Greek, who is a handsome man of middle age, and who moves in flowing white robes through the "House of Pleasure," lighted dimly by hidden and shaded bulbs, and heavily draped in Oriental fabrics.

In the mysterious celebrations in the "House of Pleasure," the dancers wear only the lightest and flimsiest of clothing, and there is an atmosphere of complete frankness and unconventionality.

There are many other strange ceremonies. On one occasion, in pursuit of pure harmony, Gurdjieff roasted a whole ox in the open, and with his disciples feasted on it like primitive devotees of the simple life. Often he takes a disciple and exercises weird, hypnotic influences. In one case the disciple was so overcome by this exercise in mysticism, that he fell on the floor quite unconscious.

Those who go to Fontainebleau speak in the most extravagant terms of "The Master." They say that he knows more of the spirit of music than the great Western musicians, more of the meaning of mathematics than the great Western mathematicians. They say that he reads into their heart like an open book. When they come in contact with this wizard, they fall under the sway of his soulful eyes and alluring voice. He is the Oriental Despot of his system of occultism, and the reward of complete submission is the achievement of a soul, and the attainment of immortality.

Plain people will not approve of this oriental mysticism, which leads half-clad people to give full sway to their emotions in a "House of Pleasure" situated in the heart of a French forest, presided over by a Greek wizard of philosophy and mystery.

Rusticating a Rogue

Standard Housing Swindler Finds a Home

READERS who have followed our revelations of the ramp of Rusticana, Ltd., will recollect that we have had a good deal to say regarding the activities of F. Nettlinghame, the Managing Director, in connection with an earlier swindle called the Standard Housing Company, a gigantic fraud which collapsed in a disgraceful fashion after the public had been fleeced of something like £90,000.

The arch-rogue of that concern was Nettlinghame's father-in-law, Roland Morgan, *alias* William Rhodes Speller, *alias* Langton, who until recently resided at Wivenhoe, near Colchester, where the works of Rusticana, Ltd., are situated. He has now been "rusticated" for twelve months in the second division, as a result of charges brought against him at the Birmingham Quarter Sessions.

That roguery runs in the family is evident from the statements made at the trial. Roland Morgan, who, like his plausible son-in-law, is an undischarged bankrupt, was indicted for offences under the Bankruptcy Act on thirteen counts, six of which had reference to obtaining credit for sums amounting to nearly £8,500. At the last moment he decided to plead guilty to one of the counts.

Read what the Assistant Recorder had to say:—

"If the case had ultimately been thrashed out and you had been convicted, as I have very little doubt you would have been, the sentence I should have passed on you would have been much heavier. I cannot dismiss from my mind the facts I have been obliged to listen to in regard to your financial dealings with the various gentlemen who have given evidence and who are very, very heavy losers, to the extent of thousands of pounds, through your acts. Twelve months' imprisonment in the second division is the very least sentence I can pass upon you."

In the face of this, we can only repeat the advice given last week to sufferers from the ramp of Rusticana Ltd., to place all the facts of their dealings with the concern in the possession of the Public Prosecutor.

There is little to choose between the methods of Nettlinghame and his convicted father-in-law. They worked hand in hand over the Standard Homes swindle, and those who have lost their money through the Rusticana ramp should at least have the satisfaction of knowing that Nettlinghame has been "rusticated" in the same fashion as his despicable relative and tutor.

The Children's Torture Chamber

Borstal Horrors Shielded by Officialdom.

FOLLOWING our recent article on the iniquity of Borstal, Mr. Bridgeman, the new Home Secretary, has refused, in the House of Commons, to institute an inquiry. To-day a Prison Chaplain is going about the country praising Borstal. We expose the hollowness of this amazing pretence.

BEHIND their prison walls, cut off from the world and its warm, human friendships, little boys and girls, mere children, are wailing out their lives in sorrow and suffering. In the name of humanity they are being "Borstalised," broken on the iron wheel of a brutal and degrading system that is a scandal and a disgrace to this country.

Officialdom, on its defence, with all its resources, has doped the Home Secretaries. Now it proposes to dope the public. The Rev. W. L. Cottrell is going round the country singing the praises of Borstal. He is a prison chaplain—not easily horrified by crime and criminals and repression. He tells us that the Borstal system—British in origin—is so successful that Germany is copying it. The Huns, who showed such humanity to British soldiers in their prison camps, have found a more effective system in Borstal. They have copied it. If anything could make Borstal suspect, surely it is this? But the innocent chaplain *claims it as a testimonial!*

Officialdom, in touch with Borstal, becomes blind and deadened. In this home from home a seventeen-year-old boy, beating against the bars of his cage, weeping his spirit away, broke all the rules of discipline and—hanged himself. The outside world was horrified. Mr. Shortt was disconcerted. But he consulted with the officials, and they soon reassured him. He told the public the boy did not mean to kill himself. It was only bluff, and the boy expected to be cut down! So all was well; the home from home was still unspotted by harsh criticism.

Mr. Shortt's "Surprise" Visit.

Shortt announced that he would himself pay a surprise visit to a Borstal institution. Did he go like a thief in the night? Did he live on the dietary of the boys, the plain wholesome fare for young manhood? Did he sleep in a clean, well-aired, spotless Borstal cubicle?

No. He wrote a week beforehand that he was coming to Portland—a week of feverish scuttling, white-washing and preparation. He dined with the Governor—not with the boys. He slept, not in a cubicle, but in the best room in the local hotel. The actual inspection was carried out by Mr. Waller, C.B., Commissioner of Prisons. Shortt wrote the report, pigeon-holed it—and refused to print it.

That is not showing deference to the public. It is throwing dust in its eyes. Shortt is not a man of first-rate abilities. He was bull-dozed by the officers, possibly over-fed by the Governor. But he was a cunning politician. He knew the value of publicity. So he played another game.

With a great flourish of trumpets, with the air of a stage-conjurer assuring his audience that he had nothing up his sleeve, he invited Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to go to Borstal, and write exactly what he thought of it. Clever, wasn't it? But if publicity was so desirable why did Shortt *not publish his own report?*

Sir Arthur began his report by explaining that owing to lack of time he was unable to visit Portland. There we have this heroic excursion into benevolent publicity — Borstalism investigated without Portland—an essay on Hamlet without the Prince.

These "Good Samaritans."

Let us return for one moment to the Rev. Chaplain Cottrell. Speaking at Newport, Isle of Wight, he said—good easy man!—that "special pains are taken to give the boys and girls a good start in life when they leave Borstal," and that "there are about a thousand men and women who, without any pay, are acting as Good Samaritans to these young people."

How unctuous it sounds. How reassuring, how comforting, how pre-eminently chaplainy. Let us see how the Good Samaritanism works out in practice.

Take the case of Albert Spielman, of 13, Mayland Street, Commercial Road, E.1, and let us see what Good Samaritanism did for him. What was the terrible crime this boy committed that sent him to Borstal? Was it fraud, or embezzlement, or theft? Was it burglary, or arson, or murder? Not a bit. Like Lord Clive, whose statue we put up in public places, he committed the terrible crime of playing truant from school.

But Albert Spielman will never get to the House of Lords. They caught him playing truant at thirteen. So he was sent to a Reformatory School. It damped down the fires of liberty, but it did not extinguish them. When the door opens on a caged bird the bird escapes. Nobody holds up hands in horror and exclaims, "What an abandoned, hardened, vicious, criminal bird!"

Weeping, Hungry and Exhausted.

Spielman saw his chance to escape and took it. They caught him weeping, hungry and exhausted. They sent him to an Industrial School. But the caged bird never learns its lesson. If it sees the door open it escapes again. Spielman again saw his chance and took it. Again, weeping, hungry, exhausted—trying to get across country to his home—he was caught. They sent him to Borstal!

Three years he served in sorrow and suffering for his boyish devotion to liberty, the theme of poets, painters and orators. Then he went home and started to look for work. Ultimately he got it as a cellarman. He got it without the aid of the Borstal authorities. Let us see how he was helped to keep it.

We have seen that Spielman was an enterprising boy. Borstal could not cure him of that. To add to his wages he bought and sold penknives, silver match-boxes, and things like that. He hoped ultimately to set up a shop.

Then benevolent authority stepped in. A few weeks ago a detective walked up to him, searched him, and arrested him for having in his possession stolen property.

He was charged, carried off to Brixton Prison, and kept there for a week. Authority left nothing to chance. His employer was told that his arrested cellarman was a Borstal boy. Very kind, very Good-Samaritan-like, very generous. The employer, however, was not a Good Samaritan, only a publican. He said Spielman was a good boy and he would take him back.

But, ruined on the path of honesty, he refused to go back to his job. Heartbroken, he could not face the place where his hidden shame had been so cruelly exposed. To-day he is on the road again, homeless, hungry, looking for work where the Good Samaritans may not find him.

Take the case of Christina Noon, of Fitzalan Street, Kennington. When a girl in her teens, this high-spirited young person was sent to Borstal in her own interests. For three years she expiated her indiscretions and came out with the scar of Borstal on her soul.

How a Girl was Hounded.

She got work at a milliner's shop, and became happy once again. Borstal faded gradually out from her mind. Her employer trusted her so much that she took her into the bosom of her family and entrusted her with the care of the children in her own absence. While Christina was thus away from the shop one of the Good Samaritans turned up at her place of employment. Christina was not there. But the Borstal lady's inquiries did the mischief. When her employer came home that night Christina was dismissed. As the Reverend Chaplain says, special pains are taken to give children a good start in life when they leave Borstal.

The Borstal ladies, with their startling conceptions of a good start, offered Christina a job as a waitress in a third-rate restaurant. She refused. She feared she would be "Borstalised" out of it. She preferred to get a job by her own efforts.

She succeeded. But Borstal does not relax its grip on those it fosters with such tender care. Christina's contumacious refusal to become a waitress had been reported, and on the day she was going to the new position she had found for herself two detectives called upon her, informed her that her licence had been revoked, and carried her back to Borstal.

Mr. Bridgeman says that he will not hold an inquiry.

We shall see. We believe that the great force of publicity and the resentment of outraged public opinion will beat the whole hugger-mugger policy, mumbo-jumbo policy of official concealment.

The boys and girls must be saved. The country pays to save them. It must not, and shall not, be doped, duped, humbugged and swindled.

BRANDING AN INNOCENT MAN

Ex-Soldier's Futile Fight Against Officialdom

EIGHTEEN months ago Mr. W. N. Rowe was sentenced by a court-martial to two years' imprisonment for being concerned with two others in the theft of 200 sacks of oats from the depot at Oppeln, Upper Silesia. He was then an Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant in the R.A.S.C., with a commendable war record, having been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal.

Mr. Rowe, we believe, is innocent of this charge, and he has spared no pains since his release from prison, after serving twelve months (his sentence being remitted), to get his case reopened by the War Office, who, however, refuse to do so, despite the fact that there is now strong evidence that they have blundered.

Rowe has spent his last few pounds on a journey to Silesia to secure evidence to prove his case. He has interrogated the German witnesses for the prosecution, and has actually secured signed statements from these people refuting their allegations against him.

The prosecuting officer, Lieut. Wm. Bronson, 10, Clifford's Inn, London, who conducted the case at the court-martial, has admitted the blunder in a written statement to Rowe, and is prepared to support him in his efforts to re-establish his innocence.

In face of these facts, how can the War Office still insist "that there are no grounds for interference." Until official recognition of his claim is obtained, Rowe remains a branded criminal. This state of affairs must be ended at the earliest possible moment.

THE WORST BABY FARMERS

Misplaced Mercy of a Magistrate

"THIS is the worst case of baby farming that has come under my fifty years' experience," said the Rev. R. J. Tacon, Chairman of the Bench at Rollesby, Norfolk, in dealing with a shocking case of revolting cruelty and neglect.

The case had all the worst features of this rampant and notorious evil. An old woman, Mrs. Annie Bradfield, aided by her son-in-law and daughter, Mildred and Thomas Satchell, of Thatched Cottage, Ormesby St. Michael, kept a baby farm, where there were several children, whom the old woman was paid to look after.

Poor, unhappy, unwanted children. One of them was Gerald Williamson, aged five. He had sores on his head, nitted hair, scales on his leg, traces of eczema, and marks of burns. His clothes were dirty and verminous.

There was Winifred Morley, aged four, with a verminous body and dirty clothes, a leg bound in dirty rag, and sores on her arms and legs.

There was Gwendoline Childon, with scaly limbs and verminous hair. Upstairs, crouching behind a sofa, was Freda Gardener, a tiny tot, half-clothed, with socks without soles, a running sore on her right leg, a swollen nose and mouth, and eyes so inflamed she could scarcely see out of them. There was Phyllis Self, aged three, with verminous hair and filthy clothes.

The house was dirty, with soiled, damp and verminous beds; the kitchen smelled so abominably that Inspector Hill, of the N.S.P.C.C. could not breathe in it. The two younger defendants were out—at a whist drive.

The children were taken to hospital, where two of them were found to be consumptive, and another required an operation, but was too frail to stand it at present.

The old woman Bradfield is a professional baby-farmer. She has undertaken the "care" of four and twenty children since she lost her husband. Six of the children she "cared for" have died.

During the course of the evidence, a solicitor engaged in the case fainted. The Court, however, heard the case out, with all its nauseating and revolting details, and the Chairman made the remarks quoted above.

Then the Bench, in its wisdom, while the child-victims of this callous and profit-making neglect were lying agonising in hospital, passed sentence. It did not inflict imprisonment—it merely uttered a homily and imposed a fine—with time allowed to pay it!

Why were not these people sent to jail? What mitigating circumstance is there in this sordid story of cruelty? How can we save the children from the harpies who prey on them if soft-headed and soft-hearted Magistrates temper justice with indiscretion in this inexplicable fashion.

Who were the Inspectors under the Child's Protection Act who permitted this filthy and verminous den to be used to shelter helpless little creatures whom it was their duty to protect?

We say that this is a scandal, a scandal of repulsive cruelty, of official callousness, and of magisterial stupidity.

Heaven help the little children, if this is all that the law and its administrators can do for them!

BENEFIT CONCERT SWINDLES

Gill the Jailbird's Despicable Game

THAT arch-rogue and contemptible cadger, W. Martin Gill, *alias* Henry Griffiths, *alias* Francis Adolph, *alias* Richard Young, etc., etc., is still at his despicable game of cajoling charitably disposed people into purchasing tickets for his bogus benefit concerts for decayed 'bus and cab drivers.

Only a thorough-paced scoundrel who has been convicted as an incorrigible rogue—and deserves again to be—would have the effrontery to pursue such a blatant imposture to the lengths to which Gill is doing.

He has been exposed over and over again. Time after time he has been sent to prison for his shameless frauds. Though he has turned sixty, he is quite capable, physically and mentally, of doing an honest day's work. But for many years now his moral incapacity has been such that the only real work to which he has set his hands has been the forced toil incident to the sentences of hard labour which he has served. The rest of the time he has lived by his perverted wits.

There was a time when he earned a respectable living as a 'bus or cab driver, but that is almost as remote as the commencement of a fairy tale. With the advent of the motor, which displaced the old horse omnibuses and hansom cabs, he conceived the idea of trading upon the sympathy which was felt for many of the elderly drivers who were thrown out of employment through their inability to adapt themselves to mechanical traction, and he has thrived upon it ever since.

His methods have shown little variation in all the years he has been at the game. He generally finds some poor decrepit old fellow who drove a hansom cab in his youth and has fallen upon evil days in his old age, and undertakes to organise a benefit concert for him. A hall is hired, tickets are printed and sold, the concert is held, but the supposed beneficiary receives nothing, or next to nothing, practically the whole of the proceeds going into Gill's capacious pockets.

In a number of cases Gill sold tickets for concerts which never took place, and in consequence was sent to prison for obtaining money by false pretences.

There is not a single district in London which does not from time to time receive his attention. In December last he was busy in Penge, selling tickets for a concert at the Kenilworth Hall in aid of "Richard Young," described as having driven a licensed cab for over fifty years and being now over eighty-seven years of age. "Richard" is himself!

At the same time he was endeavouring to secure the Emmanuel Hall, Harrow Road, for another concert, but in view of our earlier disclosures it was refused him. More recently he sold hundreds of tickets for a concert at the Victoria Hall, Shepherd's Bush.

He is now arranging a benefit to be held at St. Peter's Hall, Cricklewood, on April 17th next. His practice is to call from door to door in working-class streets selling tickets to women while their husbands are away. They should be warned against him.

HEN COOPS AND RADIO SETS

Another "Once-in-a-Lifetime" Chance.

THE Midland Appliance Works, Ltd., makers of poultry appliances, have blossomed out as the manufacturers of "Fairy Way" Radio Sets. They require agents all over the country.

As a preliminary, every intending agent is required to invest £5 in 10 per cent. preference shares of the company, £1 to be paid on application for the job, and the balance of £4 on allotment and confirmation of appointment.

A circular they issue includes no names of directors, officers, or bankers, and the "Application for Agency" is in reality also an application for shares.

One paragraph informs us that "The Company is registered under the Companies Acts 1908 to 1917," while 43, Eagle Street, Derby, is given as the registered office Enquiry at Somerset House a few days ago revealed the fact that the company is not registered there or in Scotland.

The "Fairy Way" Radio Sets, it is claimed, can be turned out for £4, to sell at "the world's record price of Twelve Guineas." We have just been inspecting another firm's set, complete in every particular and priced at £12 10s., while others of less efficiency were offered at about a third of that sum. The circular before us affords no details or specification of the "Fairy Way," but in addition to his share subscription of £5, every agent is required to purchase a set, for demonstration purposes, at the price of £5 10s.

"The Company fully anticipate that £5 invested in their shares will bring Agents in a profit of over 150 per cent. per annum, and a steady income from commission of over Six Pounds per week."

It would therefore appear that the preference shares must be both cumulative and participating, though this is not stated, the shares being merely described as 10 per cent. preference, the normal annual return upon them being thus 10s., as compared with the 150s. here indicated.

The commission offered to agents is 33⅓ per cent., but they "will be expected to collect the monthly payments due from customers as they fall due, and to remit same to the Company." Does this imply that they will also be responsible for customers' payments?

Our readers can judge for themselves whether these facts inspire confidence.

And incidentally we might ask the Somerset House authorities what they are going to do about the matter?

HOW TO LOSE ON THE TURF

Six Guinea Booklet to Catch Flats

MR. T. A. REYNOLDS, of the School House, High Felling-on-Tyne, Co. Durham, is one of many people who have listened, to their cost, to the alluring invitations of Mr. H. S. Thompson, of 24-26, Bishop's Road, Fulham, S.W. 6, to accept from him his kind and generous guidance as to the best way to make wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.

Mr. Reynolds, however, has not acquired the proffered wealth, but he has obtained a certain amount of salutary experience. He was trustful enough to send £6 6s. for a pamphlet entitled "The Collins' Theory and Method," a little, twelve-page booklet which purports to explain a practically certain way of backing winners on the turf.

Having paid the six guineas, you find that all you have to do is to back horses that won the last time out. In other words, to back winning form. Mr. Reynolds tried this theory but, unfortunately, it did not work out successfully, and he had the inspiration of asking for his six guineas back. Mr. Thompson affected great surprise, and wrote, begging his disappointed client, before going to a solicitor, to wait for a personal call, when he promised that, if he were still disappointed, his money would be returned to him. The "personal call" never took place, and the money was not returned.

After waiting two months, Mr. Reynolds communicated with Thompson threatening to "write to JOHN BULL about it." He got a most impertinent reply.

An insolent, as well as an impertinent rogue. We can quite understand his dread of JOHN BULL. In February, 1919, we exposed the Collins' flat-catching "Theory and Method," and in February of this year we published a further exposure, explaining how it was associated with the notorious Harry Weston, who ran a moneylender's business called the "Morrison Trust."

The "Collins Syndicate," the "Morrison Trust," G. L. Collins, Ltd., "Collins Theory and Methods," and Mr. H. S. Thompson, are all in the same boat, and the notorious Harry Weston has his hand on the tiller—or, to change the figure, his hand in the till. The "Collins Syndicate" has been repeatedly exposed for twenty years. But apparently, it still continues to make money for this group of sharks. We can only repeat our warning to readers: "Beware."

THE REFORM OF DIVORCES

Wrongs That Ought To Be Put Right

by ARNOLD BENNETT

IT seems probable that the Bill now before Parliament for equalising the sexes in the matter of divorce will become law. It is true that some M.P.s have tried to kill it, and some others—including those who strangely wish that a wife must prove her husband to be regularly addicted to adultery before she can divorce him, while a husband may divorce his wife for a single act—have tried to render it ridiculous.

The Bill is quite sound so far as it goes, but of course—as nearly always with British legislation—it does not go far enough. Public opinion invariably wants to reform evils as little as possible. It has a horror of disturbing the social equilibrium, and a perfect passion for totally illogical compromises.

The most remarkable modern instance of this British peculiarity was the Act which permitted a widower to marry his deceased wife's sister. You would have thought that it would be plain to even the stupidest legislator that if a widower was to be allowed to marry his deceased wife's sister, a widow ought to be allowed to marry her deceased husband's brother. But no! The opponents of progress would not have it, and the ridiculous law was passed which gave a man a right denied to a woman.

Naturally after a few years even the stupidest perceived the fatuous incompleteness of the new law, and a second Act was at length passed enabling a widow to marry her deceased husband's brother.

And now the same half-hearted spirit is limiting the scope of the new Divorce Bill. The timid are saying that it is better to get one good little thing done than to get nothing done, and that if the Bill is enlarged it will be opposed and destroyed. But why? Surely it is better to get ten, or even two, little things done than only one! And in any case any attempt at the reform of our Divorce Law will be fought.

A divorce reform quite as urgent as the adultery question is the question of the lunatic wife or husband. It is admittedly monstrous, degrading, horrible that a wife or husband should be tied for life to a mate who is incurably insane. The scandal could be set right by adding to the present Bill a short clause to constitute incurable lunacy a sufficient ground for divorce. But will that clause be added? I doubt it. And the mischief is that when someone within a year or two brings in a new Divorce Bill dealing with lunacy, Parliament in its incomprehensible wisdom will say:

"Oh, no! We can't touch divorce again just yet. You people who want divorce reform have had a dose of it. You must wait."

And thousands of innocent victims of stupid legislators will have to go on suffering for an indefinite period.

Printers' Pie

(*Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."*)

"DAILY MAIL": — "The FLAMES COULD NOT BE EXTINGUISHED until the FIRE HAD BURNT ITSELF OUT."

"DAILY DISPATCH":—"The three players I have named got NINE of the THREE tries between them."

"POPULAR WIRELESS WEEKLY":—"The listener-in gets YEARS of entertainment EVERY NIGHT for an original outlay of a few pounds."

"DAILY GRAPHIC":—"If you were BLIND and had visited yesterday's Pekingese show . . . you might have thought you had wandered into a creche or a baby show . . . FROM THE SIGHT OF SO MANY POWDER-BOXES AND BLUE RIBBON BOWS."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY TELEGRAPH" (advertisement): — "House, EIGHT DINING ROOMS, to Let . . . low rent."

"EVENING NEWS":—"The probability . . . is that TO-NIGHT and most of to-morrow will be BRIGHT AND SUNNY."

"BOYS' FRIEND LIBRARY":—"Nelson Lee saw something huge MOVING ACROSS AN OPEN SPACE, and it STOOD THERE MOTIONLESS."

"WEEK END NOVELS":—"It was a girl. She CRIED OUT VOICELESSLY."

"HEREFORD TIMES": — "The DOG . . . which twice saved a little girl's life . . . has received a medal from the Humane Society. This will be treasured by the PARENTS as an HEIRLOOM."

SAINTS *and* SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE first time I ever saw Philip Snowden was in a carriage on the Hampstead tube. I have never forgotten the incident—indeed I remember it more vividly than those later occasions when I have come into closer touch with him—because of the curiously marked contrast between him, a working-class leader, and certain actual members of that class who were sitting near him.

There were they, a band of hard-handed, rough-spoken, kind-hearted, cheery manual labourers; and there was he, a thin-lipped, steely eyed, high-browed, frigid mental labourer. They were so typically British; but one would never suspect him of being British. Though thoroughly English by birth, training and descent, he has completely internationalised himself by sheer force of thought.

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P.

THE working man of this country has little in common with Snowden. And yet the fact remains that Snowden has toiled for the British labourer with a passion and an intensity that would have consumed him a long time ago had he not been blessed with a brain equal to the tremendous task he set himself.

He is subject to violent emotions, though there is nothing warm or human about them. His frenzies are of the cold, intellectual order. His rhetoric never invigorates; it blasts. Even his voice has a touch of the east wind in it.

There are moments when one would feel safer with the inhabitants of Colney Hatch Asylum than with this insanely-sane beetle-browed man, whose stern jaw and relentless eyes illustrate to perfection his frozen fanaticism. Under certain conditions he would be terribly dangerous. He believes in his creed so thoroughly that, if he had the power, he would see it carried into effect to the last letter over the dead bodies of every man and woman in the state who didn't see eye to eye with him.

THERE is no positive individual cruelty in him at all, but his negative universal benevolence might have a more ghastly effect than the bloodiest massacres of good-natured and wrong-headed patriots. He has as little respect for persons as a calculating machine.

Philip Snowden is absolutely convinced that, politically speaking, he has got hold of the right end of the stick; and, unlike Ramsay MacDonald, he cannot tolerate another point of view. Though he "sees red" whenever he lashes his opponents, he is always able to maintain a clear and reasonable utterance which has a profound impression on his hearers.

Yet his auditors are often aware of an almost sinister threat behind his gentlest tones and most honeyed phrases. For, in spite of his professed anti-Bolshevism, he is the most Leninesque personality in the world outside Russia.

All of which may sound, and no doubt is, very unpleasant. So let me hasten to do him scant justice. Unlike the vast majority of political and trade union leaders—unlike our place-seeking Georges and time-serving Asquiths and all the other political parasites—Snowden is utterly selfless. Many years ago he sacrificed himself on the altar of humanity. And he would quite cheerfully lay down his life for what he believes to be the cause of the People.

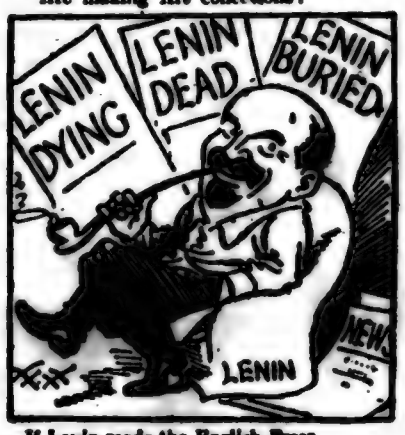
CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

What charms in Fritz can Ramsay find
To love him as a brother?
What are the secret bonds that bind
These pals to one another?

That taste for Art is growing fast
We find in all directions,
For now the likes of William Sikes
Are making Art collections!

What will he send the next week-end,
This Master of the Weather?
Or frost or heat, or rain or sleet,
Or all the lot together?



If Lenin reads the English Press
He must at times get worried;
For oft they're said that he was dead,
And sometimes even buried.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To VISCOUNT CHAPLIN,
House of Lords.

MY LORD,—As an all-round sportsman I like and admire you sincerely, but I do not admire the way you go on drawing a pension of £1,200 a year as an ex-Cabinet Minister. Although you only had about eight years' service, you have collected the dole for twenty-two—thus netting £25,000 of the ratepayers' money. Apart from ex-Lord Chancellors who continue their services as Law Lords, you are now the only ex-Minister who takes advantage of this extravagant pension scheme. In these hard times of high taxation, every £1 saved by the Government helps. I hope you will follow Lord George Hamilton's example.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. H. THOMAS, P.C., M.P.,
Unity House, Euston Road, N.W.

DEAR SIR,—I hope Mr. Neville Chamberlain will deal with your allegation that the cost of houses is being kept up by the machinations of profiteering rings. It is notorious that the price of builders' materials is artificially inflated and I agree with you that profiteering in an industry so vital to the community should be punishable by imprisonment. If we could do away with that abuse, and at the same time get the workers to put a little more ginger into the business, we should be on the high road to a solution of one of the most pressing problems with which the country is faced.

JOHN BULL.

To the DUKE OF LEINSTER.
Maynooth, Ireland.

YOUR GRACE,—Glad to see that you are home again and have been able to make arrangements to pay your debts. After that, if you choose to sail single-handed across the Atlantic it is, of course, your own affair. But are there no more useful tasks for a man of high position and great possessions? A Duke cannot be a sort of Peter Pan and refuse to grow up.

JOHN BULL.

To F. C. LINFIELD, Esq.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—You have been complaining that the £400 a year you get for representing mid-Bedford doesn't go far enough. It is a curious fact that the men who are most anxious to get into Parliament usually begin to shout quite early about the expense. Politics are not meant to be a profession, and if you want to save money you have gone to the wrong place.

JOHN BULL.

To Lt.-Col. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
26, Eaton Place, S.W.

SIR,—Why on earth do you want a listening-in set installed in the Committee Room of the House? You are sent there to work—not to play. If you want entertainment, surely there is enough to be had on the floor of the House. The spectacle of Asquith and Lloyd George trying to saddle each other with the responsibility for Mesopotamia, for instance, was enough to make a cat laugh.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD LAMBOURNE, C.V.O.,
5, Audley Square, W.

DEAR UNCLE MARK,—I am glad to see you, as Chairman of the R.S.P.C.A., registering a protest against the utterly inadequate sentences given by Magistrates in cases of fiendish cruelty to animals. Like you, I have been pounding away at this evil for years. Ridiculous fines are no deterrent whatever to the foul-tempered cowards who maltreat defenceless beasts, and though Magistrates have power to inflict hard labour up to three months, most of them are too weak-kneed or too indifferent to use it. The majority of our present-day magistrates seem to have lost all sense of proportion. I agree with you that in bad cases, cruelty is a crime that needs the lash.

JOHN BULL.

To EARL FARQUHAR, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.,
7, Grosvenor Square, W.

MY LORD,—Your squabble with the Tory managers over the Party swag, amounting to £2,000,000 or more, is comic in a way, but at the same time, rather disquieting. Where did all the money come from? If it includes the price of purchased "Honours" I should have thought that a nobleman of your standing would have been only too glad to get quit of the business. I understand that you and Lord Younger have now come to an arrangement with regard to your differences and have allowed an unedifying spectacle to drop back into the darkness from which it should never have emerged.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. ROBERT SMILLIE,
Larkhall, Lanarkshire.

DEAR BOB,—You say the position of the pit pony is deplorable, and you ought to know; but why doesn't your Association put matters right by dealing with the culprits in a manner they deserve? It is true there are only eight Government Inspectors for 66,000 ponies; but eight *hundred* could not prevent the frequent acts of savagery which occur in the pits. The Miners' Association can exercise discipline all right in a strike; why can't it bring the big stick down on the brutes who, to the disgust of their mates, unleash their beastly tempers upon these defenceless animals?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P.,
House of Commons.

DEAR SIR,—You struck quite the right note when you were heckled at Redhill, on having dined with the King. "This is not a Republican country," you said, "and personally I feel greatly honoured by such an invitation." The legitimate efforts of the Labour Party to better the lot of the underdog are listened to more thoughtfully every day. It is the foolish utterances of the wild men that raise a doubt in the minds of right-thinking people. If the Party as a whole would only follow your lead and drop this Republican nonsense they would greatly improve their prospects of having the Government of the country entrusted to them.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. WILLIAM CARR,
Haverstock, Essex.

DEAR SIR,—For the terrible crime of returning to the trenches without permission after being wounded, you have for years been kept out of your pension by the brutal indifference of a tape-bound bureaucracy. However, the Ministry of Pensions has at last been induced to make you an award of £2 a week. But your troubles are not yet over. Although you are out of work and have a wife and six children, the Ongar Guardians are dunning you for the repayment of £15 which you have drawn in relief during the lean years of waiting. They ought to be ashamed of themselves to treat an "old contemptible" in such a way.

JOHN BULL.

THE MIRAGE!

HOPE DEFERRED

[The Prime Minister has stated that he cannot promise our evacuation of Mesopotamia for another five years.]

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

Sea and Air

WE have no sympathy with those visionary reformers who are demanding further reductions in the Army, Navy and Air Estimates. The time has come for a little plain speaking upon this vital theme. It is stupid to say that we must never again talk about the risk of war. In the present disordered state of the world anything may happen, and a wise people will look to their defences while the statesmen explore fresh avenues of peace.

The naval estimates lately presented to the House of Commons by the First Lord of the Admiralty promise, at the best, no more than a bare margin of safety, and Mr. Amery himself seems to have had considerable hesitation in putting them forward. "We have in more than one direction," he said, "accepted risks which we can only contemplate with serious misgivings."

On the strength of the Washington Treaty we have disbanded twenty thousand trained seamen, scrapped seventeen capital warships and reduced our reserves of fuel and ammunition to a lower point than they have ever before been allowed to reach. On the top of all this to demand, as the Opposition parties are doing, that we should make still further "cuts" in naval expenditure, is sheer suicidal folly.

As regards air defence, the authorities seem to be at sixes and sevens. Although we now have a separate Air Ministry devoting its whole attention to the problem, there is no trace of a consistent policy. According to the latest figures France possesses nearly 1,200 fighting aeroplanes, while we possess less than 400. Nor is the outlook improving. Last year France built 3,300 new machines, military and civil, while our own production barely reached one-tenth of this total.

To call such a situation satisfactory is to proclaim ourselves worthy inhabitants of a fools' paradise. The Government has the plain duty of developing civil aviation with an eye to military needs, and at the same time of resisting every effort to reduce the present standard of naval safety.

Crime and Punishment

IT is a wholesome sign that the whole question of crime and punishment is engaging the attention of the public. There is nothing sacrosanct about our criminal code; it has come down to us as a legacy from past ages, and many of its provisions are frankly out of date. In a great measure its pains and penalties are a bequest from the days when property was held more sacred than life, and the elementary rights of the citizen had scarcely begun to be recognised. Consequently, we find that the law looks with an undue leniency upon offences which maim and torture living creatures, while frowning with relentless severity upon crimes which assail the citadel of property.

Only last week attention was called by Lord Lambourne to the inadequacy of the sentences commonly imposed by Magistrates for cruelty to animals; but even if the Justices were disposed to be far more severe than they usually are towards this class of offender, the maximum sentence the law permits them to impose in the most brutal case is three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

It is little better in regard to children, for no matter how wantonly a child may be tortured, the maximum sentence which can be awarded upon summary conviction is six months' imprisonment. The wife-beater who makes a woman's life a hell by sheer physical cruelty has little more to fear.

Compare these inadequate penalties with the terrors that lie in wait for the embezzler, the forger or the cheat. For embezzlement, the maximum penalty is penal servitude for fourteen years, or, if the title to property is in question, for life; arson also is punishable with life imprisonment; malicious damage to property of all kinds exposes the offender to the risk of penal servitude for a lengthy term of years. In practice, the maximum penalties are seldom inflicted, but if we take only the actual sentences awarded by the Judges, the disparity is sufficiently real. Constantly the most brutal outrages are punished merely with fines or short periods of detention, while offences involving no real moral depravity are only to be expiated by long terms of penal servitude. The ends of justice are not served by these means.

On the part of the general public, however, there is a growing demand that offences in which sheer brutality is uppermost, and especially crimes against the Innocence of childhood, should be more severely punished, and this wholesome sentiment is one to which the Legislature should give practical effect. To maintain security for life and limb is the highest duty of the State.

"Uncle Edward"

THE reputation of the Judicial Bench in this country stands deservedly high, and it is therefore the more important that occasional lapses should be followed by strict enquiry. The Antique Furniture Case, in which the innocent Mr. Adolphe Shrager was cruelly exploited by a firm of dealers, is to form the subject of an appeal to a Divisional Court, and upon the merits of the dispute we shall, for the present, have no more to say.

It is still permissible, however, to press for an enquiry as to how the case came to be taken out of its proper turn and tried by Sir Edward Pollock, the uncle of the defendant's leading counsel. This is not a question of law, but of ethics, and it is one upon which we hold ourselves free to comment in the public interest. The mere suspicion of jerrymandering the lists in the Law Courts will create untold damage, and we shall not rest satisfied till a full explanation has been tendered.

It is possible that the matter may be raised in the Divisional Court, and dealt with suitably by the Judges, who have a duty to see that no hint of corruption is allowed to creep into the administration of the law. If it was wrong, as it clearly was, for Sir Edward Pollock to try this case, the public have a right to know how it found its way into his list. This is the simple question to which we must have an answer. The sooner the better.

Borrowed Babies

THE N.S.P.C.C. are rightly calling attention to the cruelty involved in the exposure of children for alms. It is hard to discriminate in such cases, and we would be the last to deal harshly with the bedraggled victims of misfortune, whose only crime is begging. But it is a different matter when the interests of children are involved, and there is abundant evidence to show that, in many instances, mere babies are being shamelessly exploited for the purposes of gain.

There was a case recently in the North of England, where it was shown that a four months old infant had been hired out by its unnatural mother for five shillings a day to another woman who, by dragging the poor mite about the streets, representing it as her own, had picked up as much as twenty-five shillings in the space of two hours. There is reason to believe that the borrowing of children for this purpose is by no means uncommon, and it would be well for the police to keep a sharper eye upon street singers and pedlars accompanied by young children. It is difficult to imagine a more inhuman form of fraud.

In one case, happily brought to the notice of the Magistrates, although not till the scandal had been continued far too long, a tiny baby had been deliberately pinched and pricked by the woman carrying it, in order that the compassion of passers-by might be excited by its incessant wailing. The child's body, it was stated in evidence, was a mass of bruises.

The mere possibility of such atrocious cruelty appals the imagination, and the sympathy of the public will go out to the N.S.P.C.C., in its efforts to bring this cruel traffic to an end. It may not always be easy to distinguish between cases of real domestic hardship and the deliberate exploitation of children for profit, but we are satisfied that a more alert surveillance by the police would have the effect of bringing to justice a large number of offenders, who have up till now escaped the just reward of their heartless schemes.

A Bright Idea

THE idea, first promulgated in these columns, that a mammoth national sweepstake should be organised in aid of taxation, is "catching on." The latest convert to the scheme is Sir Harmood Banner, M.P., who suggests a sweepstake offering a million pounds in prizes for the relief of taxation by reduction of the National Debt. By this means the honourable Member estimates that a hundred millions of money might be raised, in which case, though the kill-joys might frown, the taxpayer would smile.

We are satisfied that such a project would be immensely popular. If raffles can be held at church bazaars, and all manner of "draws" in aid of hospitals and other charitable institutions, why not a giant sweepstake for the benefit of the Imperial Exchequer? The so-called "moral" objection is found, on examination, to be no more than an unreasoning prejudice. With our accustomed generosity we make Mr. Baldwin a present of the plan.

JUDGE-MADE "JAW"

by HAROLD OWEN

ALL nice people like judges. In their scarlet and ermine they look so dramatically majestic; in their modest black robes they look so sedately and sombrely wise. And though they may inspire awe, and even fear, in those who view them from a certain prominent and strictly reserved place in the court, to the majority of us—law-abiding folk and "nice people"—they seem the supreme embodiment of that law which gives such a comfortable feeling of security in these parlous times to all well-disposed persons—who therefore look upon them with a feeling of profound respect.

Therefore we only criticise them with reluctance and diffidence and the right deferential, "May it please your ludship!" But, really, isn't it about time they got back to the old Victorian traditions of judicial reticence and judicious reserve? For they are becoming positively garrulous, especially on the King's Bench. They are no longer content to give us legal judgments, but must give us moral judgment as well, and topical homilies and sociological sermons.

The other day a learned judge, having to try a cause in which a dressmaker's bills were involved, "went off the deep end" with a splash, and gave us a solid column of unjudicial moralising on the vulgarity of extravagance. It was as full of literary quotations as a pre-war bun was full of currants; it was worth five guineas a thousand to any ladies' paper; and it read for all the world like the opening decoy-duck letter of a Silly Season correspondence on "Should Wives be Smacked?" But the one thing missing was a clear legal judgment on the very important point involved—how far Jack is legally liable for Jill's ruinous dress bills.

It would not matter once in a way (for, after all, judges are generally men of the world, and there is no horse-sense like that of men of the world), but the garrulity is becoming a habit. You can see their ludships revelling in the prospect of a promising case; and, like an actor when he looks through his part, exclaiming, at the first glance down the pleadings, "Here's a nice bit of fat!" when they see opportunities ahead for jest, epigram, or homily.

It is bad both in motive and effect. For I take the motive to be the desire to catch the public ear, partly, perhaps, out of a sense of duty to a wayward age that needs good counsel, but probably also because they notice that Publicity goes with the big headlines, like victory with the big battalions, and "High Heels in the High Court: Scathing Comments from the Bench" means that even 2 LO will broadcast it.

The effect is bad because it takes the mind of both the public and judge off the essential thing: the laying down of the law, which is not only permissible but positively admirable in judges. Indeed, if the habit develops we shall find the Chancery side neglected altogether in legal specialisation, and all the talents concentrated on the branch which provides more emotional material than is provided by such dusty subjects as *cestui qui trusts*.

And so let all us humbly and respectfully move their ludships not to do it.

ALL ABOARD FOR

by A. G. GARDINER

"WE have a personal life and we have a social life, and we are i in the one and socialists in the other. Mr. Snowden wo the Government to choose a wife for him or to dictate the cut of his and Sir Frederick Banbury would hardly suggest that the main ro drainage should be private property . . . . . or that Lord Cow ran the Army or Navy as a private concern." Thus does Mr. A. in this able article reveal the "Snag" in Socialism. No matter w government exists there will always be discontent, he sa

IN the great debate on Capitalism and Socialism which was begun in the House of Commons last week and will be resumed after Easter, Mr. Philip Snowden had the advantage which always belongs to the man who attacks the existing order. I am too old and much too disillusioned to believe in the millennium. Whatever view we take of this world—whether we regard it as a preparatory school for another or an incredible incident, in some cosmic scheme beyond our vision and our grasp, or merely an accidental tragedy of what Stevenson called "the agglutinated dust"—it is not possible to conceive it without the element of conflict. We are born to struggle, and no ingenious mechanism of government will ever relieve us of that fate.

A. G. GARDINER

IT does not follow that forms of government do not matter. They matter very much. But it does follow that whatever form of social organisation we have, we shall not banish evil altogether from our midst. And while there are evils, it will always be the existing order that is chargeable with them. That is the advantage of the Socialist case. See what a mess Capitalism has made of the world, it says. It stands condemned by its fruits. We are asked to contemplate the miseries of society, the enormous disparity of its rewards, the vast riches of the few and the penury of the many, the shameful conditions in which the people are housed, the uncertainty of a livelihood under which millions live, and all the multitudinous hardships of the poor.

All these things are true—witness those figures about the housing of the people of London published last week—and it is natural enough for the Socialist to lay them at the door of the existing system, and to claim that if another system, his system, were tried, the evils would vanish and we should all live happily ever after. We know we shouldn't. We know that every change, however wise, brings its own abuses and evils in its train, and that the problems of social existence are never solved finally, but emerge like weeds from the best ordered garden.

IN saying this I am concerned neither to defend Capitalism nor to attack Socialism. I distrust the sufficiency of any economic theory to fit like a glove all the changing conditions of social life. Human society is far too big and incalculable an affair to be enclosed in the strait-waistcoat of a formula. I cannot mumble those blessed words "private enterprise" or those other blessed words "public ownership" as though they were a sort of magic abracadabra that covered the whole mystery of existence. I am not an Individualist and I am not a Socialist—or, rather, I am both. And I venture to believe that Mr. Snowden is both on the one side, and that Sir Frederick Banbury is both on the other.

How can they or anybody else help being both? We have a personal life and we have a social life, and we are individualists in the one and socialists in the other. Mr. Snowden would not allow the Government to choose a wife for him or to dictate the cut of his clothes, or to say that he must live on one side of the river or the other. And Sir Frederick Banbury would hardly suggest that the main roads or the main drainage should be private property, or that the taxes should be farmed out, or that some great contractor like Lord Cowdray should run the Army or Navy as a private concern.

IN short, private enterprise and public ownership have no more sanctity than any other human device to meet human needs. They are not commandments which were delivered from Sinai, and they are not mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount. They are practical expedients which are good or bad, judged by the single test that applies to all forms of government and all economic systems. The test is whether they serve the public interest—not the interests of individuals, but the interests of the community as a whole.

There are some enterprises that no one would want to see in private hands to be exploited for private interests. I have mentioned main roads. Who would tolerate to-day the old idea of toll bars on the roads at which the passers-by would have to stop and pay toll to the owner of the highway? We have long ago realised t public interest is best serv by public ownership. So graphs, the telephone, the trams and so on.

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ABOARD FOR UTOPIA!

by A. G. GARDINER

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There are some enterprises that no one would want to see in private hands to be exploited for private interests. I have mentioned main roads. Who would tolerate to-day the old idea of toll bars on the roads at which the passers-by would have to stop and pay toll to the owner of the highway? We have long ago realised that the general public interest is best served in this case by public ownership. So with the telegraphs, the telephone, the Post Office, the trams and so on.

Or take the land. If, with the knowledge we have got, we could be transported to a desert island to start afresh, does anyone believe that, being in our senses, we should permit private property in land or the minerals under the land? We tolerate it now with all its mischiefs because our whole social system is founded on it, and it is not easy to change the foundation without endangering the structure. We have to pay the penalty attaching to an old society which has grown up in a ramshackle way.

Or take railways. They are publicly owned in some countries and privately owned in others. In this country they are privately owned, but when the emergency of the war came, the Government sent the companies into cold storage and managed the railways as though the directors had no more to do with them than Tutankhamen.

IT is well, therefore, to clear our minds of the notion that the conflict between private enterprise and public ownership is a conflict between a sacred principle and a profane idea. Both are right in the right place, and the business of government is to discover the true sphere for each method.

That, by the wave of a legislative wand, the whole system of private enterprise can be spirited away, no one believes—not even Mr. Snowden. It can't be done for obvious reasons. Human nature is ultimately individualistic and acquisitive, and if a purely Socialist State were set up to-morrow, it would begin to dissolve next day under the operation of the incurable fact. The intervention of the State in all the functions of our life would put an intolerable strain on the human spirit under which society would collapse. The loss of the energising spirit of private initiative would leave commerce without any wind in its sails. It is not denied that much of the best work of the world is done from disinterested motives.

Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN'S MOTION

"THAT, in view of the failure of the capitalist system to adequately utilise and organise natural resources and productive power, or to provide the necessary standard of life for vast numbers of the population, and believing that the cause of this failure lies in the private ownership and control of the means of production and distribution, this House declares that legislative effort should be directed to the gradual supersession of the capitalist system by an industrial and social order based on the public ownership and democratic control of the instruments of production and distribution."

LET us recognise the fact and be grateful for it. But in the world of trade the private motive is the driving wheel of the machine, and without it the machine would be put out of action. Personally, I wish it were not so. I wish we were so constituted that we could all work as joyfully for the common good as for our own. But we must take things as we find them and accept facts as they are. Moreover, the world is a unit of trade, and since the world is competitive, no single country can adopt a non-competitive basis and live. What, for example, would become of the Lancashire cotton trade, under the heavy hand of a Government department?

IT is not by the heroic application of any single cut-and-dried theory that the distresses of society will be relieved. The remedy must be sought by diverse experiments and many paths. By all means let us extend the range of public ownership wherever it can be applied with public advantage, as, for example, to all monopolies and all primal necessities. Why should the control of money be in private hands? Let Labour, wherever possible, become the master of Capital instead of its servant. It has already done so in the great Co-operative movement, which has a turnover of hundreds of millions a year.

Co-partnership is looked at askance by trade unionism, but it has achieved undeniable successes in certain directions, and Guild Socialism is bringing a contribution to the common stock of ideas of the highest importance. So far as the inequalities of reward are concerned, taxation must be left to do its work, and Labour is now so powerful in Parliament, that it cannot fail to influence legislation in the interests of the common man.

LET us discuss private enterprise and public ownership by all means. It will clear our minds. But do not let us suppose that we shall make an Earthly Paradise by adopting the one and excluding the other. They have both their place in human affairs, and our business is to see that they have their right place. We shall give them their right place if we make the general well-being of the country the touchstone of all our experiments.

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NAUGHTY NIGHT CLUBS

by PROFESSOR A. M. LOW

WHEN a number of persons make a practice of congregating in a certain place for the purpose of indulging in some form of sexual viciousness, well-doing and clean-minded citizens naturally decide that it would be in the interests of the community to close that place and permit no one to enter it.

It is for this reason that the large majority of the public believe that night clubs ought to be put a stop to. They have got a bad name as it were, and like the proverbial dog they might as well be hanged.

But would it be a wise thing to so drastically put an end to the existence of night clubs?

We live in a time of stress. To exist even we must work, and work hard. For the most part we work during the day and when night comes we look around in search of some sort of amusement to stimulate the mind and refresh the body.

Night clubs, properly conducted, have it in their power to supply this amusement. Many of them do. Rest and sleep are alone not sufficient to relieve the mind monotony of the business man. He wants music, perhaps dancing, some food, a little drink, and a great deal of entertainment. The more entertainment, in fact, the better. If he goes to a night club he probably gets it.

It is important, however, that his recreation or indulgence should not take the form of a wild paroxysm of bodily exertion and a drunken carousal. Such is not only bad for himself but for all who come into contact with him. Accordingly night clubs which provide only such doubtful enjoyments require drastic reform.

There is no doubt whatever that in London there are certain of these clubs, generally conducted in cellars, which cater almost entirely to the denizens of the underworld, augmented by a smattering of viciously inclined persons. The women who frequent them are generally of the street walking class. They find in the clubs a pleasant means of meeting men and passing time during the short hours of the night. Such clubs require strict supervision. They are doing harm not only to the community but to night clubs as a class.

Yet little good and possibly much harm would come of completely closing them up. Such an act would simply mean that other and more secret clubs would come into being. In the darker streets and further from the prying eyes of the police, they would flourish by the very mystery which would surround them and would in all probability be the scenes of debauchery utterly indescribable. Extermination is in this case, therefore, no cure. Only reform and strict supervision can prove efficacious.

If I had my way I would permit restaurants to adopt the hours and systems of night clubs. Thus, as no charge would be made for admission, as they would be open to the public, with no stigma falling on the name of anyone who entered them, they would be able to supply all the wants of the people in the direction of night entertainment, with the result that the vicious rendezvous of degeneracy would speedily be driven out of business.

MY TURF SWINDLES

Atty Persse Bluffed

—and Donoghue Tricked Again!

THE amazing audacity which Barrie displayed when he ran a horse called Jazz under another name without even troubling to dye it almost passes belief. In this article he tells how he did it.

by P. C. (Pat) BARRIE—Master Horse-Faker

ATTY PERSSE

AFTER we had worked the Coat of Mail swindle at Stockton, it was suggested that the horse Jazz (who was really Coat of Mail) should be taken out of the country. But Jazz was too good a horse, and much too consistent, to be surrendered by me. The horse had been bought on the understanding that it was not to race on the flat again. It was permissible to run the animal over hurdles; and during the winter that followed, Jazz was turned over to a straight trainer and put into training as a hurdler. He ran twice, without, however, gaining place honours.

He was now, of course, a four-year-old; and whilst I prefer putting a three-year-old into a two-year-old race, as offering the finest margin for successful operations, there is a lot to be said for putting a four-year-old into a three-year-old handicap in the early part of the year, since this at least gives a 14 lb. pull.

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THERE were two handicaps I had my eye on in the beginning of 1920. The first was the Prince of Wales Stakes at Epsom; the second was a three-year-old handicap at Alexandra Park.

"You can cut out Epsom," said Marsh, immediately. "I train there and I live there, and I certainly am not going to run a horse under the eyes of trainers and stable-boys who know my animals by sight."

"It is the last race of the day," I said, "and nobody is going to stop behind to have a look at the winner—the stands will be empty when the horse comes back, and there'll be practically nobody at all in the unsaddling enclosure. We ought to get a packet, if the commission is properly worked."

Without worrying very much about what they thought, I had entered The Clown in the Prince of Wales Stakes. The distance was a mile, which was well within the compass of Jazz, and The Clown had the advantage of having run before, though he had never yet won.

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HE was a brown colt by Black Jester practically the same colour as Jazz, so there was no dyeing required, though it was necessary to make some "structural alterations" by trimming the mane and tail and by other little touches to bring Jazz into likeness with the substitute horse.

It was, I admit, a pretty audacious scheme of mine to run Jazz, with little or no disguise, under the eyes of trainers who knew The Clown by sight as well as they knew their own horses. Marsh and our Trainer were in an agitated state of mind when the horse cantered down to the post. But, as I had prophesied, there were few people in the stands, even to see the last race, for Viaduct, who won the Metropolitan Handicap that afternoon, had hit the majority of punters a real good left-handed one, and it gave me particular satisfaction, when I gazed upon the serried ranks of the bookmakers, smoking their big cigars, to know that, figuratively, I would walk into them in a few moments and bleed them as nearly white as was possible with my bank.

When I say "I," it is, of course, a figure of speech, for the betting was not done by me, though on this occasion I had £200 on the horse. Marsh, I believe, had considerably more.

There had been a long discussion as to who was to be engaged to ride the horse, and, of course, Donoghue's name had been mentioned.

"No more Donoghue for me, thank you," I said firmly. "You can buy security at too heavy a price—I don't want any more two to one winners!"

Donoghue, of course, is a champion at Epsom, and anything he rides is certain of a large and, from our point of view, unprofitable following. He had won for us on The Squire, and now, by the irony of fate, we were to come up against him and beat what was regarded as one of the greatest racing certainties that had ever run at Epsom.

• • •

ON the morning of the race, our trainer came to me, rather troubled.

"Donoghue is riding Mapledurham, one of Lord Rosebery's horses," he said, "and they think it can't get beaten."

Mapledurham was a four-year-old who had only been beaten a head by Blue Dun, giving weight to that mare. This was at Liverpool, and she had run unplaced since. She had now to give mine well over a stone, and in spite of the fact that she had the great Donoghue up, I was not in the least degree worried as to whether The Clown would beat her.

Remember this, that in the faking of racehorses, it is absolutely necessary that the substitute horse should be a good one. Mere substitution and dyeing and doping will not turn an unfit animal into a winner. There is no magic in racing, not even in crooked racing. But in Jazz I had the goods; he was as fit as hands could make him, and I pacified our unhappy trainer.

"Never mind about your Donoghues and your Mapledurhams," said I. "Put Frank Bullock up, and Donoghue won't see the way he's going!"

I based my opinion upon the fact that Mapledurham was a bit jady. I may be mistaken in this, but she certainly ran a jade in the only other race I had seen her running, and, if I remember rightly, she never ran again after Epsom.

• • •

MARSH was by my side when the race started and he was more than a bit nervous. Right from the start, however, The Clown got away, and all the hopes and fears and doubts which centred round the horse were set at rest. Long before the winning post was reached I knew The Clown had won.

"Go and collect the winnings," I said in a laconic tone to Marsh as our horse finished first by three lengths in a hack canter.

There was now only a question of keeping Jazz in training to win another race. I decided to start him at Alexandra Park, which, in spite of its queer shape, is as good a course as there is in the country. So, on the following Monday week, he was sent to Muswell Hill. It had been raining, and the going was very heavy—circumstances which favoured the faked Clown.

There were two circumstances which might easily have brought about the ruin of our confederacy. The first was that, in the largeness of my heart, I tipped the horse to everybody on the course I knew; and the second was, the presence in the field of a red-hot favourite in Silver Jug—and Silver Jug came from the same stable as Jazz! They were, in fact, stalled in adjoining boxes.

• • •

NOW, horses are not such very intelligent animals, in spite of all that has been written about them. There isn't a half-bred mongrel pup that couldn't give the greatest racehorse that was ever foaled 21 lb. and a beating at the Brain Stakes. But they have the habit of recognition. It has been very embarrassing for me sometimes when an old fellow of mine has started to follow me about on a racecourse, at the very moment when I didn't want anybody to know that he and I were acquainted!

"Steve"

"Keep The Clown away from that thing of Persse's," I told our trainer, and then learnt, to my surprise, that Atty Persse himself was present at the meeting. Persse is a shrewd natural judge of horseflesh:; and our only salvation lay in the efficacy of my system of disguising horses. It was with a sigh of relief that I saw him pass the camouflaged Jazz with no more than a glance at him.

"You'll look a little bit closer when he wins, Mr. Persse," I thought.

And win he did, much to our financial benefit, and to the vast astonishment of the Chattis Hill stable, whose hot pot was upset. I saw the keen-eyed trainer looking at The Clown with a sort of puzzled expression, and was very glad when I had got the horse boxed and on his way home.

• • •

IT was over this race that I saved a family from being thrown into the street. Just as I was going on the course, I saw a poor, wretched woman leading a child by the hand, down one of the big roads which lead to the course. A miserable looking man was following them, and I stopped and asked him what the trouble was about, for she was weeping bitterly. He said they'd been up to their landlord, who had given them notice to quit, but the landlord wanted his pound of flesh, and when he was offered £5, the amount they had managed to scrape together, he demanded £12 or nothing. They were going to be turned into the street on the Monday.

"Now come here," said I. "Take your fiver; go into the cheap ring at Alexandra Park, and put every penny of it on The Clown. You ought to win twenty pounds. If you lose it," I said, seeing the look of horror on his face, "come to me at my hotel and I will give you another fiver."

I gave him my card, and, as I never heard from him again, I presume that the landlord was paid! I know that *my* landlord was!

• • •

IN my letter-bag this week there is a letter from a grafter who knew me very well, and he writes: "Dear Pat,—You have missed telling the very best story of all. Why don't you tell them how you came to meet Gilbert Marsh?"

That is rather putting the horse after the cart, but I will tell you the story of how I cheated a cheater.

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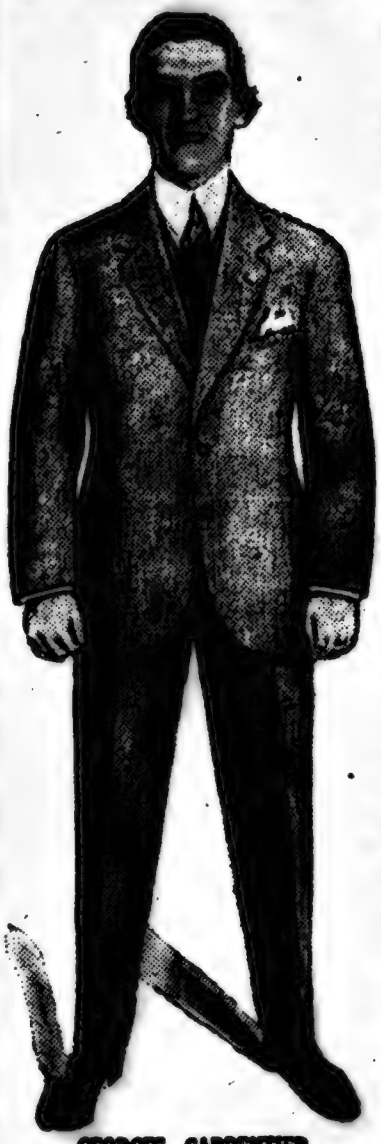

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

A "Bishop" in the Dock.

by HARRISON OWEN

THE charge against "Bishop" Herbert Savage, President of the London Church of Latter Day Saints, was one of aiding and abetting the undesirable activities of Mormon missionaries.

In outlining the case for the public, Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that there had lately been a recrudescence of proselytising upon behalf of Mormonism, more particularly in Lincolnshire, where sleek, well-dressed missionaries had been distributing poisonous pamphlets to young housewives while their husbands were at work. "To what extent, if any, the accused is personally concerned in this campaign, I do not know," said Mr. Watchdog; "but as Mormonism's official London head he cannot escape responsibility. Last year he came forward as a defender of this quack religion, but the limelight shed upon his "temple"—"The Desert," at South Tottenham—evidently was not to his taste, so for some months he and his disciples have been content with obscurity.

"It is notable now that the sleek young "Elders" have again come more or less into the open they have chosen as their happy hunting-ground provincial centres where unemployment is prevalent and women having a hard struggle are predisposed to listen to stories of the charms of Salt Lake City and the plausible humbugs who inhabit it.

"We have been assured by the accused and other Anglo-Mormons," continued Mr. Watchdog, "that polygamy is no longer part of the Mormon creed. Whatever may be the practices of members of the church living under British rule, I doubt whether older members of the Utah colony have departed so far from the principles laid down by the epileptic Joseph Smith, the founder of the Latter Day Saints (or Sinners) though doubtless the fact that Smith was lynched has had the effect of causing his present-day disciples to tread more warily."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, said that the charge against Savage amounted to religious persecution. England possessed two million surplus women and he (Mr. Strawsplitter) could see no objection to peaceful propaganda which might result in some of these women exchanging a life of toil here for a life of comfort abroad.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Justice Bull, after the jury had returned a verdict of "Guilty," "that this case hinges on the question: What may legitimately be described as 'propaganda'? Personally, I would describe the methods adopted as improperganda. Some of the young men who call themselves Latter Day Saints might be more appropriately labelled Latter Day Taints. In this country we have quite enough cranks and faddists of our own without importing further consignments from comic opera provinces like Utah. As for the so-called surplus women, on whose behalf counsel for the defence showed such touching concern, I think most of them would decide that it is better to be a 'spinster in England than a 'celestial' or 'spiritual' wife in Salt Lake City.

"In these circumstances, I am unable to soothe the Savage breast with the sweet music of judicial approval and must direct that the prisoner forthwith abandon the title of 'Bishop,' and that he shall order these Latter Day proselytes in future to deal directly with the heads of the households upon which they call. Unless guarantees on these points are given the prisoner must remain in custody until the sands of 'The Desert' grow cold."

THE HARVEST OF SPRING

How Housewives Can Help to Clothe the Poor

SPRING is here, and with it comes that annual task which most housewives look upon as a duty to be performed with pride and most husbands regard as a bugbear to be endured with patience—the Spring clean.

In the process of "turning out" the house from basement to attic, an accumulation of what may be looked upon as more or less useless lumber is generally discovered, the disposal of which often presents a problem to the housewife.

Why not turn this harvest of Spring to immediate account for the benefit of "The Greatest of These —" Fund?

We do not suggest that you should send us all the miscellaneous articles for which you have no use. We have not sufficient space in Long Acre for the establishment of such a vast national depository of lumber as that would involve. But you can dispose of these incumbrances to your local general dealer, and send us the proceeds. In this way you can replenish our coffer of charity without any appreciable cost or inconvenience to yourself, and enable us to extend our good work among the helpless and destitute.

While money, and ever more money, is the greatest necessity for the success of our efforts to lift despairing souls out of the quagmire of privation and despondency in which they are held, there is one sort of gift in kind which we always welcome. There is a great need for serviceable clothes and boots for men, women and children.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of clothes to a man who is seeking employment. Appearances are not everything, but they count for a great deal in such circumstances. Here is an instance.

A few weeks ago a starving ex-officer called on us. He was in a deplorable state of destitution. His deathly pallor, his hollow cheeks, and the dark circles about his eyes betokened the terrible privation he had undergone. For several nights he had slept on the Embankment, huddled for warmth among the homeless waifs whom he had often befriended in better days. That morning he had sold his shirt to get a little food, and pay his fare to an outlying suburb where he hoped to find employment. He was a man of considerable technical ability, and an absolutely clean record. He had trained many officers in a technical branch of the Army during the war. Yet with all his qualifications, he did not get the job. Appearances were against him.

He was broken-hearted at his failure, and came to us in despair. We gave him a little assistance. Here is the sequel.

A week later he returned to us. His haggard despondency seemed to have fallen from him like a hideous mantle. His step was firm and confident, his eyes bright with hope, his whole manner changed. With good food and serviceable clothes he had been able to secure an appointment worthy of his abilities and character, and he came to thank us for our assistance and assure us of his determination to support the Fund in his renewed prosperity.

We have before us as we write a pitiful appeal, from an ex-service man, without pension or dole, who is terribly depressed because he has to depend upon the little money—about sixteen shillings a week—which his wife earns in a Yorkshire mill. Her unswerving loyalty to him is the one bright thing in his dismal life, but it pains him that he is unable to resume his place as the breadwinner. He does not ask us for money, but he begs us to send him some clothes so that he may have a better chance of getting employment.

We frequently receive appeals from parents who are struggling along life's highway under a terrible load of adversity, asking us whether we cannot give them boots for their little ones. One of these, to which we recently made reference under the heading of "The Men Mothers," was answered in a touching fashion.

An old cobbler, who had no money to spare, offered to provide boots for the four children of a poverty-stricken widower.

Send us the harvest of the Spring clean, in money, or, if you have them, really serviceable clothes and boots, that we may help such sufferers.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

Thief Who Repents.

"I HAVE yielded to temptation, and taken money that belongs to a society of which I am treasurer. I am not really dishonest and I am miserable, and cannot sleep at night. I am not afraid of discovery and the sum is not large.

"I do not drink or gamble. I have no friends who can help. I know a man who is rich enough to assist me, but he is a strict man, and would probably be very harsh. The truth is, I am a coward and afraid to approach him."

"Humanist" says: *Go to your rich friend and put up with what he says. If he helps you, thank him. If not, tell your society the facts, and offer to refund the money by instalments.*

Madness and Marriage.

"THE question I am asking you is weighing heavily on my mind; please give me your opinion. First, I must say, on both sides of my family, mother's and father's, there has been rather a lot of insanity—several have died in asylums; but my father and mother were quite normal.

"I have a grown-up family now and some married, but a daughter is engaged and will soon be getting married, which is worrying me. There are times when I think she is not at all responsible for her actions; for days she speaks to no one unless obliged, and will leave her work and come home without any excuse.

"Then follows a short period of almost madness, after which she is herself again. Her sweetheart knows nothing of this, and where we live now no one knows my family history. Nor does my daughter. The only one who does is a cousin, who is in an asylum now.

"Ought I to tell the man? As yet I have not had advice, and do not like to ask it, as the girl would perhaps be worse. She is very clever and intelligent, except at those times. Could I stop the marriage? If so, I should have to spread the news, which I have kept as much as possible to myself."

"Humanist" says: *It is your duty to tell the man. It would be wicked if you didn't. Why should you sacrifice his future, as you undoubtedly would if you kept silence?*

Her Language.

"I AM a man in a good position, and I have recently married a girl who was in the chorus at——. She is, I need not say, very pretty, but her language is altogether vile. I have only discovered this lately. My people will have nothing to do with me, and I am socially ostracised, for my wife has used the most awful expressions before my mother and friends. And yet she is a most charming girl, and is willing to reform, though she says that the words she uses (and which she learnt from her father) come so naturally to her that she does not realise what she is saying."

"Humanist" says: *If she really is willing, give her a French master and have her taught that language. This isn't as fantastic as it sounds. Let her speak French and nothing but French for a year, and her habit will pass.*

Whom Should He Pay?

"YOU doubtless get some problems that need the judgment of a very Solomon. Here is mine: Ten years ago I failed in business; handed over everything I possessed; was sold up stick and stone, and yet was in debt—but to wealthy firms.

"Putting my wife and kiddies in lodgings, I started out in life afresh as a journeyman, and worked until I obtained position as manager. I have now a certain job in the North of England, and have saved money.

"Now comes my problem. I should like to repay some of the money I owe. My wife, who has borne her share of the battle of life (strenuous in our case), thinks the money should be spent on the home, education of the little ones, and life insurance.

"One cannot but admit that, as partner of one's joys (few) and sorrows (many), she has some claim—also that the amount would only be a drop in the bucket of the wealth of the creditor companies, while much to us. And yet one wants to sleep o' nights."

"Humanist" says: *Write to the creditor firms and tell them that you are putting aside a small portion of your income to liquidate the debts. But get your home together and educate your children.*

A Girl and a Rotter.

"RECENTLY I was dismissed from the office I was employed in by the chief clerk, who trumped up a charge of neglect against me. I believe that he took papers out of my desk and then accused me of losing them. Through the influence of my father, a well-to-do man, I have got another job, not so good, but amongst square-dealing people.

"Now I learn that my former tyrant, who poses as a model of good conduct, is making love to, and has become engaged to a girl in the office, who does not know that he is a married man, living apart from his wife.

"I am not vindictive, and if I told my late employer, my old enemy would certainly get the sack. But ought I not to interfere on behalf of the girl?"

"Humanist" says: *You can interfere without being vindictive. It is your duty to warn the girl of the facts. If she were ruined by your silence, you would probably regret it all your life.*

Old Enough to be His Mother.

"LAST August my daughter met what we thought a decent fellow. He fell out of work shortly afterwards, and, living a good way from the City, he came to live with us to save his fare backwards and forwards to see my daughter and to the City, to look for work. He is only just turned 19 years old.

"After all my doing this generous good turn to this fellow, I have just found out that he evidently has not been looking for much work, but has committed adultery with my wife.

"They have both admitted their guilt. Should I still live with my wife after this, or what would you really advise me to do? It is my two children I am thinking about. I really believe my wife still likes him up till now. I feel more than ashamed of my wife, being old enough to be his mother.

Should he take her away and look after her, as he has now found a fairly good position? I have always loved my wife, and have always been an honourable husband."

"Humanist" says: *I think you had better try to make a fresh start. But be thorough in your forgiving—make no further reference to this tragic folly of hers.*

The Artistic Temperament.

"FOUR years ago I married a man with an artistic temperament. He is exceedingly clever in his particular line. There is nothing about his profession he doesn't know, but his temperament prevents him from keeping a job long because he will only work when he feels inclined to do so, and will on no account arrive and leave at fixed hours. He has done dozens of jobs for people, and in every case has refused payment for his work.

"Some months ago he fitted out the consulting and operating rooms of a well-to-do professional man with electric lights, bells and appliances. The job took him three days, working all the time, and, when asked what was his bill, he said: 'Oh, that's all right.' The medical man knew he was under an obligation, and sent the baby a tiny coat. But, Oh! 'Humanist,' the job was worth £5, and as we both need, and get, help from our respective parents, don't you see how useful the money would be to us?

"I've tried hard to show him this, but it makes no difference in him. We have no savings, no furniture, no home, and no prospects, only the dole."

"Humanist" says: *I fear that this case is incurable until your husband "reforms from within." His trouble is vanity. He wants to be thought well of by people who do not count.*

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NEWS OF THE WORLD

I LOVE THE NIGHT TIME!

MISS FLORRIE FORDE'S HIT.

WORDS AND MUSIC Appear in

APRIL 1ST ISSUE.

Sports and by ROWLEY

THE BUD AND THE BLOOM—COTTON BROKERS' HUGE SWEEP.

VERY little need be said about the Lincolnshire Handicap. A day or so before the race we were assured by authoritative persons that Monarch was—

1. Suffering from kidney trouble, and would certainly not run.
2. Fit and well, and would certainly run.

Monarch certainly ran. But if he had won, the bookmakers would have lost, especially the bookmakers who have been so anxious to lay Monarch for the past month. I do not know Sir Henry Bird, the owner, but in view of his confidence in the horse I feel sure he will be amazed at the number of very clever people there were about on Wednesday morning who were satisfied that his horse would not win, and were prepared to lay Monarch to lose a fortune.

A Dead Horse.

So much for Monarch: he ran like a dead horse. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.* It will be interesting to see what weight a sympathetic handicapper will award the animal in the City and Suburban, and in how so far the bracing atmosphere of Epsom Downs revives, if a revival is possible, his ancient vigours.

White Bud's Past.

Of White Bud the reader of these pages knows a great deal. I tipped her consistently last back-end—I sent her out in free wires, and when she failed over this course behind Tremola I gasped. She had obviously gone off. She was down the course in receipt of 19 lb. from Royal Alarm at Manchester, and started at 100-7. With 8 lb. advantage in the weights she now beats Royal Alarm pointless! Widow Bird beat her in the Great Tom Plate in November over this very course. Leighton gave her 2 st. and lost her. Let us acclaim her victory with the sound of fiddles.

Among Promising Youngsters.

The two-year-old of Escott's that won on Lincolnshire Handicap day is a shapely fellow, and I should certainly put him amongst the youngsters that will win races. Cottrill, by the way, is out of luck and can be neglected for a little while. The trainers to follow in the near future are those controlling the Epsom, Newmarket and Royston establishments.

Archie.

Archie Falcon, who owns Port Royal, did not have a "fortune" on the horse, as was suggested in certain quarters. He backed the horse both ways, but put more money on for his friends than he did for himself. Archie is a real good fellow, and it is sheer laziness to invent stories of his investments when he is so willing to give the frankest details of his bets.

He is one of the men whom success has not spoilt, and he is the most tireless of workers. I have seen him on Newmarket Heath at 5.30 in the morning, watching exercise, and there is probably no follower of the game who has so complete a knowledge of the horses he backs. May his fortune be trebled!

The Sergeant.

Fly Mask being scratched, Sergeant Murphy became my selection for the Grand National, and right nobly did the old boy respond to my confidence. I have an idea that he is the oldest horse that ever won a National.

No Racing Till Easter.

This being Passion Week racing is confined to a jumping meeting at Plumpton. I have taken the unusual course of tipping for next Monday and Tuesday. I hope I've "done it."

The Cotton Sweep.

The cotton brokers of Liverpool are starting a £100,000 sweep on the Derby—so the announcement goes. Exactly how they will overcome the laws relating to lotteries remains to be seen. In this country we are drifting to the attitude adopted by certain State authorities in America toward prohibition—the wink-the-other-way system, which is neither good law nor makes for good citizenship.

Hypocrisy.

Our parliamentarians are too nervous even to suggest that legislation should be initiated to remove restrictions which were originally designed to deal with South Sea Bubbles, and so every club that runs a sweep is liable to prosecution. It isn't good that any law should be broken, because the law is fundamentally and necessarily inelastic, and its variation, at the will or caprice of the individual, destroys not only the principle of the law broken, but the principle of all law.

A Clean Sweep.

I am told that the reason Duggan has shifted the headquarters of his £20,000 Derby sweep to Altdorf (Switzerland), is to give his staff a chance of working in a calmer atmosphere than Dublin, with its land mines and snipers, affords. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, as usual, holds the money.

BACKED HORSES IN THE LINCOLN.

Vivaldi.—Partly on looks and partly because Donoghue rode. He ran ungenerously. *Should be left alone.*

Precious.—Very well backed on the strength of his win on Tuesday. He was done with at 6 furlongs. *Will win another race at 5 or 6 furlongs.*

Westmead.—Ran very well and was always in the fighting line. The most genuinely backed horse in the race *Look out for this one.*

Port Royal.—Very heavily backed up to the death. Was in front at 6 furlongs. *Will win a good mile or 1½ mile handicap.*

Roman Bachelor.—Consistently backed from the appearance of the weights. *Being an honest horse, will be handicapped out of winning.*

Monarch.—There was no inspired money for this horse at the finish. A remark which applies to Argo, both of whom I was told to keep off. *Monarch will win a good handicap, but is a bit of a savage.*

Tons of Money.—It is computed that this horse was backed to win over two millions, and that more than a million is traceable. The biggest flat-catcher since Leighton.

Blackland was unbackable in the ring for a period. Nobody wanted to lay him. *Will win a good 6 furlong handicap round about Easter time.*

ROWLEY MILE AND TONS OF MONEY.

"I would not back Tons of Money with Tons of Bad Money. I am not shilly-shallying or playing for safety, or leaving myself any loophole when I say that, if Tons of Money wins every intelligent person will lose."

JOHN BULL, March 24th.

ROWLEY MILE AND WHITE BUD.

"A horse I had a big tip for last week-end was WHITE BUD. This is a curious customer who is certain to pop up one of these days."

JOHN BULL, February 17th.

BOXING POINTS.

Bloomfield and McTigue.

Jack Bloomfield, who met Soldier Jones at the N.S.C. last Monday, is the official cruiser-weight champion of Great Britain, and McTigue's victory over Siki, makes him cruiser-weight champion of the world. Bloomfield and the Irish-American have met on two occasions in Montreal and both claim to have beaten each other, although the book of records gives the Englishman the honours. A further meeting between the pair would prove a great draw, and a success for McTigue would settle the doubt existing among sportsmen here that the Irishman's victory over the Senegalese was not a lucky one.

Kid Lewis Leaves England.

Kid Lewis has left England for South Africa on an extended tour. The proposed "rubber" contest with Roland Todd has evidently fallen through. The welter champion will also visit Australia and the United States, where he hopes to meet Mickey Walker for the world's championship. I am afraid, however, that Bermondsey Billy Wells, who is doing so well in the States will step in first, as negotiations are now on foot between Wells and Walker for a championship meeting.

EASTER RACING.

KEMPTON PARK (MONDAY).

ROTHSCHILD STAKES. — **Fodder** (Hogier, Cottage).

TWO-Y.-O. SELLER.—**Gipsy's Warning F.**

QUEEN'S PRIZE.—**Hunt Law** (The Villager, Thoughtless).

ASHFORD SELLER.—**Hill Country** (Tinspear, Ninon).

EASTER STAKES.—**Sunrising** (Legend, Bold Danby).

NEWCASTLE (MONDAY).

2.15. **Monnaie.**
3.45. **Silver Band** (Sir Greysteel, Clashgour).
4.15. **Clara B.** (Lucentio, Sheffield Lane).
4.45. **Su Su.**

NEWCASTLE (TUESDAY).

2.30. **Craig Elgyr** (Impetuous).
3.0. **Marcia** (Widow Bird, Numa).
3.30. **Tommy Long** (Benefice).
4.0. **Grey Lady.**

BIRMINGHAM (MONDAY).

WATER ORTON PLATE.—**Rock Fire** (Predial, Cadabra).

SPRING HANDICAP. — **Royal Alarm** (Westmead, Will Somers).

BIRMINGHAM (TUESDAY).

PACKINGTON PLATE.—**O'Dorney** (Proud Mary) Sargon).

TAMWORTH PLATE.—**Dizzy Prospect.**

BEST THING OF THE WEEK.

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Sportsmen MILE

HORSES WORTH WATCHING—UNREAL INTERNATIONALS—SOME PLAYER WITH A NAME

HORSES WORTH WATCHING.

Clashgour (4 yrs.).—This colt did not fulfil his engagement in the Hainton Plate at Lincoln, and is probably in reserve for one of those North country meetings at which his owner is so fond of sporting his colours. He must not be missed.

Wood Harmony (3 yrs.).—When third to Finnart's Bay and Vic's Choice at Lincoln, this colt did quite as well as his veteran trainer expected. Moreover, he will be all the better for this gallop, and may do even better next time out.

Radiant River (4 yrs.).—Built on a tremendously big scale, and consequently likely to improve with age, this horse, who is now trained by MacColl at Westbury, is worth bearing in mind over a distance of seven furlongs or thereabouts.

Heir (3 yrs.).—This is likely to be one of the earliest performers from the Beckhampton district. He has grown into quite a nice colt, and is sure to win races.

Hidden Gun (4 yrs.).—Suffering possibly from an unorthodox system of training, this horse earned a reputation for unreliability last year. He has done well with change of stables, and may be worth bearing in mind this season.

Legend (3 yrs.).—So far as appearances go, there is no more improved three-year-old in training than this colt, and it would come as no surprise if he were to prove even up to classic form. He is well-bred enough for anything.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

Follow Vambrace.

* * *

Follow Ballast—this is a sure winner.

* * *

The Lincoln Plate Two-Year-Olds were better class than the Brocklesby Plate horses.

* * *

The catering at Lincoln is good, but the accommodation primitive.

* * *

My Lord has wintered very well.

* * *

Bargate will win at the first time of asking.

* * *

Powney's horses are very forward.

* * *

White Bud may not win again until she runs in the Ayr Gold Cup.

* * *

Gilpin's horses are more forward this spring than usual. One of the most noticeable animals in the string is Spike Island, who is likely this season to add to his Irish successes of last year.

* * *

Another of the Clarehaven lot that is going well just now is St. Louis, who seems to have regained his action. It must be left to the future to show whether the son of Louvois is a good horse, or if he merely "fluked" the Two Thousand.

* * *

Damage colt stayed on well to win the Brocklesby, and will probably prove above the average of winners of that race. It is satisfactory to find that good sportsman Sir Robert Jardine with so promising a youngster.

* * *

Major Bell has made a good start for Sir Hugo Cunliffe-Owen with Precious, and there are many more winners to come from this quarter. Eagle-hawk in particular is said to be a greatly improved horse.

* * *

The victory of Clochnaben on Thursday was truly amazing. I have always regarded this horse as a very moderate plater, and yet he comes out and wins from goodish animals. We must stop laughing at Tons of Money for a minute and remember that this horse was tried the equal of Clochnaben! Curiouser and curiouser.

* * *

In the race for *Bullets* prizes, Merit is a certain winner.

SOUTHAMPTON and West Ham could appropriately spend some of their Cup increment on ground improvement. The playing pitch of the former is detested by opposing teams, and no doubt its narrow limits are a handicap to anyone bar the "Saints." West Ham are situated between rows of streets and expansion seems impossible; but if it could be managed, another exit or two for people who use the stands would be a boon.

A Farce.

As it is at present played, the International championship is a farce. Under present conditions, Wales and Ireland have not a 10 to 1 chance of winning it, and it is not creditable to the English F.A. to practically force both to play with half a team—the case again this season. Players with English clubs selected for either Wales or Ireland should be compelled to play, irrespective of the needs of their club, and then England and Scotland would not farm the competition. It is not surprising so little interest is taken in the affair.

Place for Half-Backs.

Newcastle have stood alone this century in the possession of first-class half-backs, but they would have filled Wilfred Low's place as pivot before this had they hit on a satisfactory successor. Low's career has been a great one, but he has seen his best days. In Spencer, the Washington youth, Newcastle have, however, a centre-half who promises to uphold the traditions of Tyneside halves. He has a very keen anticipation, and can give his forwards the right sort of passes. I shall follow this lad's progress with interest.

FORECASTS FOR MARCH 31.

(Nap selections in Black Type.)

HOME WINNERS.

Arsenal, **Blackburn R.**, Bolton W., Sunderland, Cardiff, Manchester C., Huddersfield, Stoke, Barnsley, Blackpool, Derby C., Fulham, Hull, Leicester, Notts C., Wednesday, Southampton, Exeter, Merthyr, Northampton, Plymouth, Portsmouth, Southend, Watford, Lincoln, Nelson, Rochdale, Stalybridge, Wrexham, Clyde, Alloa, Kilmarnock.

AWAY WINNERS.

Liverpool, Bury, Bristol C., Halifax, Chesterfield, **Rangers**, Dundee.

DRAWS.

Everton v. Burnley, West Bromwich v. Sheffield U., **Palace v. West Ham, Bristol R. v. Swindon, Charlton v. Swansea**, Reading v. Brighton, Barrow v. Bradford, Darlington v. Wigan, Southport v. Walsall, Ayr v. Partick T., Hearts v. Aberdeen.

Scottish Cup.—Celtic.

SUGGESTED COURS.

2 Away.—Liverpool, Bristol C., Rangers.

2 Draws.—Palace v. W. Ham, Bristol R. v. Swindon, Charlton v. Swansea.

2 Home.—Blackburn, Barnsley, Derby C., Leicester, Notts C., Plymouth, Nelson, Kilmarnock.

2 Home, 2 Away.—Manchester C., Southampton, Hull, Liverpool, Chesterfield.

1 Home, 1 Away, 1 Draw.—Leicester, Rangers, Hearts v. Aberdeen.

Wednesday Twins.

Kean, the Wednesday half-back, who had not a household name until this season he won inter-League and International honours, is not unlike his more famous club-mate, George Wilson, in appearance, apart from being also sturdily built and a rare tackler. Again, both are adept at getting to a high ball. Kean is assured of further official recognition when he improves his attack, a failing with most of our middle-line fellows.

Missed the Market.

No transfer, of course, is permissible after the middle of March, and it was comic indeed to see the rush for "captures" a few days before the closing date. I should have thought managers would have realised their weak spots long before this. A few weeks ago a Welsh club manager asked me what I thought of three different full-backs who were "for sale." All had been playing regularly this season, and he should have been fully aware of their capabilities. In his indecision, he missed the lot, and I am not a bit sympathetic.

Doorstep Discoveries.

Bolton did not get to the Cup semi-final by sheer cash expenditure. In fact, the policy of the Wanderers' directorate is not only thrifty, but includes the encouragement of local talent. Of their present best men, no fewer than seven were actually born within a few miles of Burnden Park. These are Finney, Jack, Butler, Howarth, Seddon, Nuttall and Walsh, whose collective value at the moment as footballers cannot be less than £20,000.

Downs Revives.

Dicky Downs, the nuggetty little full-back who used to carry Barnsley on his back, has shown a streak of his old form for Everton. I do not know if this was the result of the attentions of a London club, who badly needed Downs, but, anyway, there was no deal. There ought to be a year or two of serviceable football still in Dicky, but then it is remarkable how players who go to Everton decline. Some people say there are too many directors, each trying to pick his own fancies!

Derby's "Big" Man.

Derby County have given up hoping for another Steve Bloomer, but they are justifiably proud of the football of their present inside-right, James Lyons, who has done so much to bring the County belated Cup distinction.

Lyons, perhaps, ought to play, for his father was the old Hednesford man, and his elder brother a full-back with Aston Villa for several years, and who helped them to win the Cup in 1913.

James is built on the right lines for the present-day rough-and-tumble stuff. He stands six feet and weighs 12 st., so halves who use spoiling tactics only against him get very little change. Most tall players find the body swerve and ball control elusive, but Lyons has both. He can further trap the ball cleverly, moves rigidly when in possession, and very few of his passes find any elevation. And not the least of all, he is deadly in his shooting and never afraid to have a go for the net.

Lyons, in my opinion, would be an even greater success in the First Division, but as Derby County are not going to part with him, he must wait for this. Still, in a couple of years the County, possessing as they do a young and clever team, may be back in the senior ranks. And everybody would be pleased about it.

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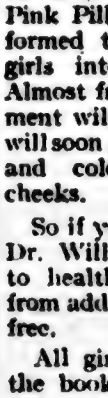

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How is it that anæmia is so common among girls? During the first seven or eight years of life girls are healthier than boys. From then onwards boys generally gain in strength, but with girls it is too often the reverse.

One reason is that girls often lead sedentary lives. They work or live in ill-ventilated rooms, and do not get enough outdoor exercise. Their appetite becomes fickle; they grow languid, listless, complain of headaches, and become pale and depressed. All these are signs of thin blood.

To a certain extent girls are handicapped by Nature, but there is really no reason why they should become anæmic. Do not wait until your daughter is really ill, but at the first sign of anæmia, take steps to enrich her blood. There is no better blood enricher than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills have transformed thousands of pale, anæmic girls into strong, robust women. Almost from the first some improvement will be noticed. The appetite will soon pick up, the spirits brighten, and colour will return to the cheeks.

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Stop Making Cocaine.

Your articles on the dope traffic have shown the world how dangerous and deadly it is. Continue to spread the light. But there is only one way to stop the cocaine evil. Prohibit its manufacture by international agreement. It is not a necessary drug. Dentists and oculists use it, but there are substitutes, novocain and butyn, which are not deleterious. If America and England, who both suffer from the cocaine evil, stood together in this matter they would give the world the lead.—*John Tibbat, Braxted Road, Streatham, S.W.*

Innocence Injured.

The verdict in the recent Russell Divorce case, casting the stigma of illegitimacy on a child, needs consideration. For a woman to have presumably committed misconduct, afterwards lived with her husband, which ordinarily would be adjudged condonation, and to be divorced appears to conflict with the general principles in such cases. That doubt existed is obvious as the first case was dismissed, and, in the second, the jury found the woman guilty of misconduct with an unknown man. Surely, if not to the woman, the benefit of the doubt should be given to a child who is incapable of defending himself.—*H. B., Maplin Road, Victoria Docks, London.*

Families in One Room.

Britain's shame is that tens of thousands of her people are less decently housed than many a rich man's horses and dogs. We boast of our humanity, and children, as in Liverpool, have to live in rat holes. We talk of promoting health, yet in Birkenhead 668 families in Argyle Ward live in one-room tenements, and the death-rate is higher than in any other ward. What a price our country must in the end pay for its neglect.—*A. J., Liverpool.*

Horrors of the Borstal.

Your praiseworthy appeal to the Home Secretary in aid of the Borstal boys, and against the system in general, is, it appears, being "dodged" by that august person. Enquiries, without any real desire for improvement, are being carried out under a thin veneer of sincerity, presumably to stop criticism and also to protect the principal actors from suspicion, already aroused in the public mind by your constant exposures of the inhuman treatment of boys who need help, not punishment. The fact that the inquiry was carried out by the Prison Commissioners proves its insincerity. Cannot a direct appeal in the name of the public be made to the King? Surely the Home Secretary's power has a limit. Our much respected Monarch is not so indifferent to the sufferings of his subjects to turn a deaf ear to such a humane appeal.—*A. Snook, The Bungalow, Hallwood, Wimborne, Dorset.*

Publicans Grumble.

It is time something was done to give justice to the publican in the matter of measure. The publican must, by law, give Imperial measure in stamped vessels, but has no guarantee that he shall receive Imperial measure from the Brewers. They do not guarantee their barrels to hold 36 gallons and are thus able to send under that measure without fear of the law. The Government should compel the brewers to guarantee their barrels. It is the brewers who are taking the big profits, not the publicans.—*C. H. Green, Rose Cottage, Nonington, near Dover.*

Why Superfluous Women?

On the Continent one sees many more little boys than girls. If English mothers were not so appallingly ignorant on that most important subject, the rearing of children, we should undoubtedly see the same phenomenon in this country. Doctors tell us that more boys than girls are born in England every year, but, having less vital tenacity, a large number die before the age of twelve months, owing to improper feeding and care, due to maternal ignorance. A girl at birth has three chances of life to a boy's one, and lives in spite of proper care. The humblest peasant on the Continent knows how to rear a baby in a proper manner. Classes of a more popular nature than those already in vogue should be formed for prospective mothers, and the science of child rearing should form a compulsory part of a girl's education.—*C. J. D., 34, Crossgate, Durham.*

Is Stag Hunting Sport?

Animal lovers must appreciate the attitude adopted by JOHN BULL regarding so-called Justices who show leniency towards brutes charged with ill-treating domestic animals, also the support given to the Bill for supervising the training of performing animals, but why stop here? A stag, the noblest and most beautiful of all our wild animals, was recently chased for between two and three hours, in the name of Sport, before, with bursting heart and gasping for breath, it was pulled down by the dogs. Fox-hunting and coursing are also horrible. The participators in these "sports" often include country Justices.—"*Lover of the Wild*," 113, *Osborne Road, Romford, Essex.*

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Write us Now!

Imparting Sex Knowledge.

In imparting sex knowledge to the young, a vast amount of tact and discrimination are most essential. Certain knowledge should be given according to temperament. 1st. The girl who regards the "Facts of life" as a huge vulgar joke is not capable of receiving prematurely such knowledge judiciously, because, by broadcasting it in her own vocabulary amongst her fellows, her distorted version of the matter will probably work havoc in the clean minded. 2nd. The spiritually inclined girl is best left alone, because she is generally absolutely unapproachable on such subjects; what "facts of life" are thrust before her very often make her really unhappy. 3rd. The normal girl, who shows early signs of taking "life" with all its phases as a matter of course, might be very wisely and safely instructed in things "she ought to know." Were such knowledge scheduled for class teaching, the difficulty would lie in the fact that the class might include girls coming under these three headings.—"*Materfamilias*," *Liverpool.*

A Dog with a Bad Name.

One thing that is wrong with our system of justice to-day is the continual "hounding down" of a person, when he or she has once been caught doing wrong and served a sentence of punishment. When a record of past misdeeds is raked up, it does not serve to inculcate a better sense of manhood into the offender, but rather does it tend to incite him to again violate the law. It seems to be the practice of many of our judges to-day to rap out caustic comments on the particular circumstances of the prisoner, causing unnecessary derision at the expense of one who cannot retaliate. If a little sympathy and discretion were exercised in most cases, the results would be entirely different.—*H. A. Britton, 34, Upper Clifton Place, Stapleton Road, Bristol.*

What's Wrong with the Church?

Cannot the Clergy be persuaded to keep to their own profession. They will find then that they have heaps to do without dabbling in Party Politics. Cardinal Wolsey realised too late the mistake he had made. As a rule the first thing a clergyman goes for is a Church, and building funds have to be raised, then the Curate fund, followed by the organ fund, the sick and the dying coming last. The people have lost faith in the Clergy, for they realise that the majority are not of the right type. Let us have men like ourselves, who will talk to us properly and not rant, be reasonably broad-minded, above and without interfering unduly with our lives, advise us and show a true fellowship. Then, and only then, will the Church return to its proper place.—*John C. Grieg. West Drayton, Middlesex.*

Born Too Soon.

There are Homes of Rest for Old Horses and other animals, why is there not some place other than Workhouses for old Humans? I am sure we would only be too glad to pay into something of the kind when we are young. I am over 50, I consider myself a smart business woman; widow, thrown out of employment though capable and active, with years of good character. I am well-dressed still, at the expense of many times an empty interior, but am refused work because my age and a tall stout appearance—called when young a fine figure. The fashion is to-day to be small and slim. What a pity it is that we cannot alter ourselves. One wonders at there being so many suicides! I have tried many times to make up my mind, but my early teachings at the knees of a good living mother have made me pause. —"*Alone*," *Edmonton.*

Dodging Immigration Laws.

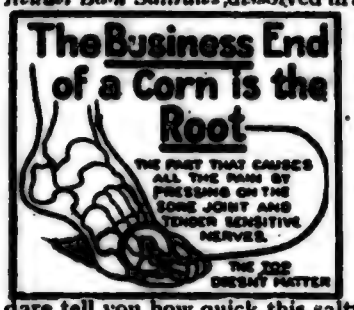
Waiters are not the only trade that suffers from foreign competition. The hairdressers' business is again being invaded by aliens. The newcomers talk with German accents, but call themselves Hollanders, or Czechs, or Poles. How do they get in? They come offering to do skilled work, like a special type of engineering and other special jobs in the furniture and similar trades. They get in by pretending to do specialist work, for which native talent is lacking. Once in, they turn to their real trade and take employment in competition with the home-born workers. The Home Office, which lets these aliens in, ought to see that they stick to the work they are let in to do. Otherwise, immigration restrictions are a farce.—*W. Baker, Keptie Street, Arbroath.*

HOW TO TAKE CORNS OUT SO THEY DON'T COME BACK

"When sore, tired, tender feet ache like ulcerated teeth, and when callouses, smarting, burning, chafing, excessive perspiration, or other foot afflictions make life miserable, just soak your feet in saltrated water, prepared as explained below, and then see how quickly you can bid all the torture a final good-bye," says:—

C. S. TURNER (formerly of the R.A.M.C.).

Cutting the top of a corn off with a razor or burning it off with caustic lotions, plasters, etc., doesn't do any good. It may do great harm by causing infection or even blood poisoning. Also it hurts, and the root just sprouts right up again, so your corn soon has a brand new top on it, bigger than ever. The top is only dead skin, anyway. The business end of a corn is the little pointed part, or core, that extends down into the toe. That is what hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves and it is the part you have to get out. Cutting the top off an aching tooth wouldn't stop the ache. Same way with a corn. Don't worry about the top. Get after the *root*, by using a good handful of refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* dissolved in a gallon or so of hot water. I just soaked my feet in this for awhile, then took hold of the corn with my fingers and out it came, root and all, like a hull comes out of a strawberry. Only a little hole or depression was left in the toe and that soon closed, so there was nothing left in there to sprout a new corn again. It didn't affect the surrounding flesh at all, but soon softened the whole of the corn. No burning or soreness, no pain, no danger, no trouble, and no days of waiting to see whether that old corn is going to leave for good or stay with you indefinitely. Soften callouses the same way, then scrape off, and I don't dare tell you how quick this saltrated medicated water will drive aches, chafes, blisters, excessive perspiration, etc., or even rheumatic pains away. It would sound too good to be true; but many former soldiers can tell you what wonderful stuff "saltrated" water is. The refined *Reudel Bath Saltrates* compound costs very little, and every chemist has it. A half-pound will be sufficient to make several gallons of the medicated water and rid the whole family of foot troubles.


The Business End of a Corn is the Root
THE PART THAT CAUSES ALL THE PAIN BY PRESSING ON THE SORE JOINT AND TENDER SENSITIVE NERVES.
THE TOE DOESN'T MATTER

NOTE.—A well-known chemist, when shown the above, said: "The *Reudel Bath Saltrates* referred to is a remarkably efficient compound of pure refined mineral salts. This produces medicated and oxygenated water similar to that found at famous hot medicated springs, the ingredients of the natural waters, of course, having been exactly ascertained by analysis. 'Saltrated' water acts upon dead, calloused, hardened and 'corny' skin (in which there is no blood circulation) by dissolving and extracting the oil or sebaceous matter therefrom. This leaves the skin soft and 'pulpy' so it is easily picked out or scraped off. The water, when medicated in this way, has no effect whatever upon sound and healthy skin."

THE CLEAN SPRING CLEANER

After the painters have gone! A nightmare thought. Buckets and buckets of water and scrubbing brushes and soap and a weary backache at the end of it all. But try a little Gre-Solvent on a cloth and wash your floors and woodwork over with them.

The paste and whitewash splashes, the marks of dirty boots and step ladders will disappear like magic and in no time you are ready to move the furniture back into a clean room, fragrant with that faint fresh aroma that always accompanies Gre-Solvent.

Gre-Solvent also cleans aluminium ware, greasy pans, sinks, lino, etc., and is splendid for cleaning the insides of gas ovens.

In Tins, 4½d., 8d. and 1/9. From Grocers, Stores, Ironmongers and Garages.

Perkin & Co., Ltd., Junction Works, Leeds

GRE-SOLVENT
MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

Outdoor Dogs

Fine weather brings outdoor rambles and a bigger appetite for your dog. You can satisfy the biggest appetite with Spratt's Dog Cakes. These big, wholesome biscuits are made of finest wheat-meals and stamina-building beef. They are sold in white-cotton bags ... 1 1½d. - 3½lbs.

SPRATT'S DOG CAKES

COUGHS, COLDS AND BRONCHITIS

Sore Throat & Bronchial Chills.

Veno's will save you days and perhaps weeks of distress, if you take it the moment you detect the first symptoms of cough or cold. It is splendid for Bronchitis—its action is soothing and comforting. It is composed of a remarkable series of balsamic essences, unique as expectorants and in their catarrh dispelling and generally curative value.

There is no cough medicine to equal Veno's so don't be put off with substitutes. Sold by all chemists and stores, and manufactured by the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., of Manchester, the home of great domestic remedies.

Prices 1/3 and 3/- per bottle. Larger size the more economical.

Be Sure to Ask Distinctly for

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE

AGONIZING ITCHING.

Terrible irritation, which makes you scratch till your flesh bleeds, is due to acid in your blood Hood's Medicine expels the acid and replaces it with nourishing blood, thus effecting a lasting cure. Try it for Nerves, Anæmia, Eczema, Boils, Varicose Veins, Rheumatism, etc. Of Chemists, 2s. 6d., 5s., 8s. 6d., Tablet or Liquid. FREE Home Doctor Book, 160 pages, for 3d. stamp from Hood's, Dept. J.B. 28 Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.

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You can make big bids for business by a well-written Want-Ad. in "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 3. Send data. We'll do the rest.

Writes a JOHN BULL Want-Ad. user:—
"The framing of the wording by you most certainly was of material assistance."

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 69A Pedal "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Well handy pleated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Post posted free. Carriage paid on 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory sailed accounts. Tyres and accessories 33⅓ p.c. below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for this handsome and illustrated art catalogue.

CASH £5 19s

Mead Cycle Company (1923), Ltd., Dept. B.6071, Birmingham.

Genuine "LEDA" Fabric

CASEMENT CURTAINS

Direct From Mill To You! Huge Reductions!!

A POST-CARD will bring our POST-FREE range of patterns of ACTUAL FABRICS.

All Curtains are Guaranteed Manufactured from the Famous "LEDA" Fabrics. Each length stamped. Hemstitched or Tasselled both sides, in a wide range of Lengths and Designs.

LEADALE ... (Dept. S), 67, HARDY STREET, MANCHESTER.

John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the "Letter Bag." Write soon and write often. An expert staff deals with Legal and Financial inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

LET DOWN (Falkirk). "Women can never keep a secret." Neither sex has a monopoly of this failing.

LITTLE INNOCENT (Dundee).—"Is the 'Toome Sweep' in Ireland still going on?" It is understood this sweep was not permitted by the Irish Government.

STAUNCH SUPPORTER (Elgin).—"JOHN BULL will be remembered long after some other journals are forgotten." Why "some"?

CAPTAIN CUTTLE (Deptford).—"The flat racing season is very unsettling." Yes; we fear lots of accounts remain unsettled.

J. T. A. (Cowes).—"Which is the worst kind of pain you know?" The one we get every week when we read the questions to be answered.

DIMPLE (Faversham).—"I am always lucky if I see a cross-eyed person." We counted eleven, and *then* didn't find the Lincolnshire winner.

P. G. W. (Manchester).—"I am never happy unless I am making a noise." There are lots of people like you; it is a horrible failing.

B. R. (Taplow).—"There is a great deal of unnecessary letter-writing indulged in." As has been said before, it all comes to JOHN BULL.

A READER (N. Shields).—"I am surprised you should print such a lot of rot." The only rot we print is contained in the extracts from some of our correspondents' letters.

R. G. (Windsor).—"Is it a fact that there are more acres in Yorkshire than letters in the Bible?" We have never counted either, and don't propose to start.

FIDELITY (Queen's Park).—"I have never yet broken off an engagement." The impression your letter gives us is that the rupture may invariably be left to the girl.

EGYPTOLOGIST (Lee).—"The ancient civilization of Egypt was among the greatest of history, and look at it now." We'd love to, but stern necessity keeps us here.

MARRIED AND HAPPY (Tunbridge Wells).—"I have been married 27 years and am just as happy as the first year." This is in refreshing contrast to most of the letters received.

B. A. (Clovelly).—"What are cloves used for?" As a spice. More frequently, by commercial travellers and late home-going husbands, who believe—erroneously—that their consumption of malt or spirituous liquors can thus be concealed.

LUCY E. (Westcliff).—"I have a toy dog who exhibits great intelligence." Verily, truth is stranger than fiction.

A. P. (Highgate, N.).—"Moneylenders are as thick-skinned as a bunch of crocodiles." Or a ring of rhinoceroses.

C. K. (Kettering).—"Many so-called accidents are carefully planned suicides." Tut, tut; likewise pshaw!

WANDERER (Ballymena).—"How does one get a job as steward on an ocean liner?" Apply to the offices of the steamship company.

G. T. (Chesterfield).—"Have you ever heard of a Prayer Chain?" Our attention has been called to the matter 5,164 times.

A. W. H. (Biggleswade).—"I should think on the whole, your paper does more good than harm." Buy yourself a bun.

M. B. (Lincoln).—"If parsons weren't such kill-joys there would be more Christians about." That's one in the eye for Stiggins and Co., but all parsons are not tarred with the same brush.

W. P. (Seven Kings).—"I've never seen the Derby or the Boat Race." If you have attended these functions regularly you should be ashamed of such a confession.

FAITHFUL READER (Bristol).—"I may be merely a woman, but each week I get a clearer understanding by reading JOHN BULL." Of course you do. So you would if you were merely a man.

A. T. R. (Aylesbury).—"I could talk myself hoarse on the subject of cruelty to animals." Better use your pen and save your throat if you can tell us anything new.

R. T. Y. (Walsall).—"It's you and me who have got to pay for the last war." That's right, sonny, but then you see it would have hurt Fritz's feelings horribly to make him brass up.

OMEN (Willesden).—"I dreamt about White Bud three times before the day of the race." The singular thing in connection with all such dreams is that one never hears about them until after their fulfilment.

H. L. (Kidderminster).—"Though I take your paper every week I can't be bothered to read all of it." As you like, of course, but be sure and let us know if you would like any of it adapted to your taste.

YORICK (Reading).—"Your Letter Bag makes me roar." Win *Bullets* £500 this week—and yell.

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

H. H. (Portsmouth).—"I am being robbed of my just rights." Write to JOHN BULL about it with full particulars.

R. E. (Ely).—"I enclose some poetry, but you had better take it in small doses." We have perused the first line without a tremor.

S. D. (Dowlais).—"I wish I could look in one day and shake you by the hand." You can call, by appointment, next Christmas Eve.

R. W. (Loughborough).—"I like a man who speaks his mind and damns the consequences." We, too, as long as his mind is worth speaking.

RACEGOER (Sutton).—"Once more the prophets were all astray over the Lincolnshire." Likewise the profits, except for the book.

EX-SAPPER (Canterbury).—"What is France likely to get out of Germany?" Probably less than it is costing her to get it.

L. T. C. (Putney).—"I found two grey hairs the other day." They must be the two we lost when tearing our hair over the Lincolnshire.

NEWLY MARRIED (West Ham).—"What should I call my mother-in-law?" For the first year we didn't call her anything; after that we called her 'Grandma.'

PUZZLED (Rotherhithe).—"Why are some people called 'tobacco fiends'? I see nothing fiendish in tobacco." There is in some kinds.

TYRO (Birmingham).—"When you back a horse each way, does it mean that you win whatever happens?" Alas! no. Only if it finishes in the first three.

P. S. (Workington).—"Now that we have telephony without wires, do you think we shall ever have shopping without shops?" No; nor toothache without teeth.

BULLITE (Coventry).—"Who is the worst M.P. in the House of Commons?" Where there are so many candidates for the distinction, it would be invidious to select one.

ETHER (Earlsfield).—"I hear strange noises on my wireless set, and think perhaps they are messages from heaven." We also have heard such noises, but do not so regard them. On the contrary.

T. H. (Aylesbury).—"Rheumatism and such complaints are solely due to our modern unnatural habits." Rubbish! Almost every prehistoric skeleton discovered seems to have had it.

W. R. (Hammersmith, W.).—"No one has sympathy for the folk who have to work on Sundays to provide other people's amusement." But mostly they get time off in the week, thanks to the Trade Unions.

MODERATION (Edinburgh).—"Is there such a thing as absolutely unadulterated whisky?" At some stage or other in its manufacture there must be. If you mean, is such whisky sold, the answer is an emphatic No.

PURITAN (Keighley).—"I do not approve of sweeps." Do you mean sweepstakes or chimney sweeps?

E. B. A. (Glossop).—"Do you agree with early rising?" Yes, but sometimes it does not altogether agree with us.

CYRIL (Darlaston).—"I don't believe all I hear." This period will go down to history as the Sceptic Age.

POOR SCRIBE (Henley).—"I never write letters unless I have to." You are to be complimented on your good taste.

JOSHUA L. (Liverpool).—"I have never received a salary commensurate with my abilities." Your employers must be philanthropists.

AD ASTRA (Rugeley).—"My ambition is to become a great newspaper proprietor." Until you are one, it is well to learn to spell correctly.

G. S. W. (Kennington).—"Do you agree with the proposal that foreign eggs should be stamped?" From what we know of them, we shouldn't mind if they were stamped out.

DISPUTED (Torquay).—"Is it a fact that only a certain number of immigrants are allowed into America each month?" It is. Each country has its allotted quota, which is never exceeded.

AETAS (Chipping Norton).—"When is a man middle-aged?" Between 35 and 50. The exact time of arrival at middle age varies in direct ratio to his personal vanity.

A. R. B. (Ipswich).—"You must have some very curious correspondents." Curiosity we don't mind. What *is* annoying is to receive lengthy screeds written on transparent paper with a very hard pencil.

H. C. (Stroud).—"Is it possible for a man to talk a language other than his own so perfectly as to be indistinguishable from a native of the country?" It is possible, but extremely rare. Except, of course, in the case of Esperanto.

HUMANITARIAN (Liverpool).—"The fences on the Grand National course are cruel, and ought to be abolished." This grouse is as perennial as the cuckoo.

CHURCHWOMAN (Greenwich).—"Why should the beautiful language of the Psalms be interfered with?" In other words, why alter the psalter?

R. N. H. (Wigan).—"Only a small proportion of the questions answered on this page are sensible." That is obviously the fault of the askers.

A. W. K. (Nottingham).—"I may say that I have organising ability of no mean order." You might reorganise your postal department and have your next letter stamped.

COMMON SENSE (Denbigh).—"There is no sense in worrying about trifles." The only time a trifle ever worried us was when a dish of it got spilt all over us.

STENOGRAPHER (Chelsea).—"My boss takes no interest in me outside of my work." A much wiser employer than some we wot of.

ARCHAIC (Worcester).—"Is it not time such pastimes as betting and sweepstakes were legalised?" Past time.

BROKE (Brentford).—"I have no money. Could you give me a good tip?" Yes, don't bet. It is an axiom of racing that you never win when you can't afford to lose.

LEADER (London, E.).—"I have always been a public man, being leader of our local Boys' Brigade, and secretary to the Band of Hope." Some are born great.

HOUSEWIFE (Preston).—"Everything is falling nowadays—food, beer, houses and lots of other things." We've heard of beer going down, but we thought houses were going up.

(*Other replies on page 20.*)

John Bull's Easter Gift

A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil

FREE!

HUGE RESPONSE *See page 28 of cover.*

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—Lord Lister.

The Problem of Tuberculosis Solved

EIGHT years ago I produced a harmless vegetable internal antiseptic which has since proved capable of curing tuberculosis and stamping out the disease by prevention of fresh cases. For one year I had my antiseptic tested privately to make certain of its effectiveness and stability. And for five years thereafter I kept it exclusively for the medical profession, in order to obtain unquestionable evidence of its merits.

The medical evidence received during the last seven years proves conclusively that my antiseptic, chemically known as *trimethenal allylic carbide*, or the more easily remembered name of Yadil, destroys the tubercle germs—and other disease germs—within the body, *without the slightest risk of injury to cell-tissue.* All cases of consumption not complicated by pent-up fluid in lung-cavities are curable, at home, with a relatively small quantity of the antiseptic. This means that at least four hundred thousand consumptives, out of the half million in the British Isles, can be cured, and remain cured by adhering to certain principles of diet. By treating with Yadil all the disorders known as *precursors of the scourge*—coughs, colds, pneumonia, bronchitis, scarlet fever, measles, and other infections—fresh cases would be prevented. Thus, and only thus, would the disease be stamped out.

The extraordinary success of Yadil, not only in the treatment of tuberculosis, but in such widely different disorders, as lupus, bronchitis, rodent ulcers, pneumonia, pleurisy, inflammation of the bladder, tumours of the breast, gangrene, blood-poisoning, malaria, scarlet fever, whooping cough, typhus, diphtheria, measles, influenza, pernicious anæmia, meningitis, gastric ulceration, auto-toxemia, cyclitis (a disease leading to permanent blindness) and other infections, is easily explained. These so-called *diseases* are merely *symptoms* of one common disorder, *internal infection.* Yadil destroys the internal infection, and the symptoms disappear. That's all. This law is sound. It simplifies the practice of medicine. It safeguards patients against the dangers of wrong diagnosis.

In The Yadil Book I publish over one hundred pages of medical and other evidence. I give the treatments which medical experience has proved most successful in the whole range of micro-organic infections. I explain the physiological cause of disease. Furthermore, I lay bare the ludicrous absurdity of our medical system, and show that it is *most unfair* to doctors and *highly dangerous* to the nation. And I offer the only practical solution of the doctor's dilemma.

The evidence in The Yadil Book is sensational. It has brought me several tempting financial offers. These I have declined, because I want to retain the control of my discovery, and make sure that it will continue to be made and remain available to the nation.

I want to carry on an intensive press campaign to make known to every victim of consumption in the British Isles that the Yadil Treatment can cure them. I rely on all the readers of John Bull to further my work by securing a copy of The Yadil Book (192 pages, cloth bound), as explained below. Read it during the holidays. It will interest you deeply.

I have carried on my work for the last eight years, following several years of study and research, under great difficulties. I have been sustained by the knowledge, derived from medical men, that Yadil *saves life*, and that sooner or later the whole nation will demand its benefit, despite the powerful vested interests which it disturbs.

Yadil Antiseptic completes the work of Lister and vindicates his principles. It makes possible to disinfect the human system, internally and externally, without risk of injury to cell-tissue, just as carbolic acid disinfects drains and dust-bins. It does away with serums, vaccines, and the necessity for sanatoria treatment in the majority of cases.

I appeal for your whole-hearted co-operation to make known to every sufferer from chest and lung diseases the good news that at last an end of their misery is possible.

Alex Clement

'Yadil' is prepared by Messrs. Clement and Johnson Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C. 1, and is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores (including Boots', and Taylor's Drug Stores). If out of stock, your Chemist can get it quickly for you. 2 oz., 2/- (or 50 Pills, 2/-); 6 oz., 3/6 (or 150 Pills, 3/6); Pint, 9/6 (or 500 Pills, 9/6); Quart, 17/- (or 1,000 Pills, 17/-.) The pills are tasteless and odourless. There is no card for the book with the 2 oz. or pocket-size, only the larger sizes. Read The Yadil Book carefully before commencing any antiseptic treatment. Get 'Yadil' Antiseptic in original packages in amber bottles, wrapped in a corn-coloured wrapper, with name, size and price plainly printed in black letters. 'Yadil' is equally effective in bovine tuberculosis, pneumonia and sour in cattle, cramp in pigs, distemper and other dog diseases, roup and diphtheria in poultry. It costs a halfpenny per month per chicken to keep poultry free from disease. It will eventually provide the nation with milk free from tubercle germs. If interested for animal diseases, say so and special literature will be sent. Get 'Yadil' from your chemist, as orders by post are more costly to you, the postage being 3d. for the 2 oz. size, 9d. for the 6 oz. size, 1/- for the Pint, and 1/3 for the Quart.

Send me your name and address for a free booklet on 'Yadil,' and mention "John Bull."

W.B.P.

A DISASTROUS ENGAGEMENT

Sad Sequel to Business Agent's Introduction

IN our issue of February 10th last we dealt with the Mutual Business Transfer Agency, Partnership Negotiators, Business Investigators, Valuers, Stocktakers and Collectors, of 25, Hampstead Road, London, N.W., which is run by a man called W. Hewitson.

We told the story of how Mr. W. A. Trowbridge, of 273, Lillie Road, Fulham, answered an advertisement from this firm, offering a salaried position on condition of his investing £100. Mr. Trowbridge was handed over to a man called William J. Spackman, of 23, Lockhart Street, Bow, London, E., who took his money from him and, after a short time, left him stranded. Spackman was a common rogue, and is at present doing a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment for obtaining large sums of money by false pretences. Mr. Trowbridge was only one of several who had a similarly disagreeable experience.

We strongly advised our readers to be careful of Mr. Hewitson's introductions, for which he is certainly morally responsible, though he takes good care to keep clear of legal responsibility.

It is regrettable that this article was not read by people like Mr. A. Lipscombe, of 14A, Ilton Road, Walthamstow, E., who informs us that he has also had a painful lesson as the result of answering an advertisement from Hewitson's Agency.

The advertisement offered a permanent job for a lorry driver, who had to invest £100, in return for which he was to get a salary and a dividend on his investment. Hewitson handed this applicant over to a man called F. T. Haslam, who purported to run a business called the "City and West End Motor Transport," while he was described on other notepaper as "City and West End Fish Merchant."

The head office was situated at 46, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. There was a wholesale depot at Billingsgate, a wholesale curing house at Chelsea, and a garage at Tottenham Street. There were offices at Great Titchfield Street, Berwick Street, Chelsea, Fulham, Streatham, and Croydon. On the notepaper, it looked very imposing. It certainly imposed upon Lipscombe.

He was in poor circumstances, and wanted a job very badly. He had served through the war, and had been wounded. His wife had saved out of his pay and allowances a small sum of money, and getting together a few more pounds, she handed £100 to her husband. "There you are, old man," she said, "and you have your job."

Poor Lipscombe handed the money over to Haslam. Then he began to make discoveries. He found out that most of the offices which looked so well on paper were street stalls. He found out that several other employees had also invested money to get jobs from Haslam. Altogether some two dozen people had in this way helped to finance Haslam, some of them having been introduced by Hewitson.

When Lipscombe found out the kind of business man Mr. Haslam was, he tried to get his money back. He hoped to save something from the wreck for his wife and children. He was too late. A petition in bankruptcy had by that time been filed by Haslam, and so far that is all the comfort that Lipscombe and his many fellow-victims have been able to derive.

The whole transaction has been a very disastrous one for Lipscombe and the others who handed their money over to Haslam. But we certainly think that some explanation ought to be offered by Hewitson of his position in the matter.

No doubt he does not guarantee the stability of the people to whom he gives introductions, but he certainly incurs a moral responsibility, because he was paid a fee by Haslam in respect to the applicants he sent on to him. If all the applicants who were brought in touch with Haslam by Hewitson's Agency were instrumental in getting him commission—as is apparently the case—he is making a very good thing out of the transaction which has ruined them.

The least that he could do would be to hand back his commission to the unfortunate victims of the Haslam "City and West End Fish Merchant" and "City and West End Motor Transport" fiasco.

Lipscombe is now walking about the streets of London, looking for work, so that he may feed his wife and children. It is a heartbreaking quest for a man whose resources have been thus cruelly taken from him.

In the meantime the Mutual Business Transfer Agency continues to insert its advertisements in the papers. We warn those who may be tempted to reply to be very careful before parting with their money to secure employment offered by people who can give no guarantees of permanence, security or success.

Romance

A SHILLING MAGAZINE FOR SEVENPENCE

TWELVE ENTHRALLING LOVE STORIES.

Take it with you for Easter.

SPOTTING A WINNER

A "Dead Cert" For Every Reader

"MANY thanks for 'Free Certificate.' I do not think all your readers realise that you offer an actually free insurance against fire up to £300. By no means a new reader, I've never read your offer until receiving certificate. I filled up the newsagent's coupon for the purpose of having your paper delivered."—R. Jones, 32, Lisvane Street, Cardiff.

The letter we reproduce above recounts an experience that must be common to thousands of our readers. "By no means a new reader, I've never read your offer." Have you read our offer? Do you know the unique Benefits our Free Insurance Gift extends to you?

Week by week we print the details of our offer to you. Week by week you buy JOHN BULL—and read everything in it except, perhaps, the one thing that most nearly concerns you and your home.

This must be so, or your completed coupon would by now be on our files and you would be one of our *registered* readers. For nobody omits to take advantage of such a unique gift as a free insurance against the risk of fire up to £300, and many other benefits, except for one reason—that they are unaware of such an offer having been made.

"Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise," says the proverb; but, in this case, ignorance is liable to be folly, and wisdom likely to be bliss in the unfortunate event of a registered reader needing the financial assistance that our offer extends to him. Yet there must be thousands of our readers as blissfully ignorant as was Mr. Jones of the fact that we offer *for nothing beyond the trouble entailed in filling up a form* an insurance against damage to your home by fire up to £300—to say nothing of our many other benefits.

Insurance against the risk of fire is an elementary precaution that is taken by practically every householder in the country. To effect such an insurance with an Insurance Company for £300 costs no inconsiderable sum each year, and unless the fire occurs there is no return whatever for that expenditure.

We invite you to take the trouble for once to not only *read* but *think* about the benefits offered in our Free Insurance Gift. Study the announcement on p. 2 of cover, giving the list of benefits paid, and see against what common and everyday risks of Accident, Illness and Fire you are safeguarded simply by adding to your convenience by having JOHN BULL delivered to your door each week instead of buying it at a bookstall.

For that's the common sense of it all. You buy JOHN BULL each week anyhow, or else you would not be reading this article. To order your newsagent to deliver it regularly means saving yourself trouble and automatically protecting yourself and your family against the risk of accident and illness, and your home against the risk of damage by fire.

Incidentally your home is protected against the risk of damage from other causes than fire. We stress this risk, however, because it is a risk against which protection is almost automatically sought by everyone. It is simply a question of whether you are going to obtain protection by paying a considerable sum to an Insurance Company, *or whether you are going to get the same protection for nothing* by merely giving a regular order for JOHN BULL, instead of buying it casually wherever you happen to find it on sale.

Let us ask you a few questions:—

Do you know that one of the benefits we offer is a free insurance against fire up to £300?

Do you realise that all you have to do to obtain this protection is to sign the forms on page 2?

Do you realise that having done this you have saved yourself trouble by having your favourite paper delivered to your door?

Do you realise that you will do yourself and your family a good turn by this simple act?

Do you realise that you will have backed a winner?

Do you realise that it all costs you NOTHING?

Now let us give you some advice:—

Read our list of benefits and read them carefully.

Think over all that they may mean to you and your home.

Sign the forms on page 2.

Post them and become a registered reader of JOHN BULL *to-day*.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

(*Continued from page 24.*)

C. F. (Hornsey).—"I am writing an ode, which I propose to send you for publication." Oh don't!

G. R. T. (Westcliff).—"Have women really a keen sense of intuition?" Some of them—though not of so high an order as is commonly supposed.

M. B. (Ashby de la Zouch).—"In a busy centre like this, one has to be very wide awake." In order to see anything happen, presumably.

WINKLE (Cirencester).—"Is there much profit made out of books?" That depends on the book. One kind of "book" made enormous profits last Wednesday.

TOMMY (Peshawar, India).—"JOHN BULL is very popular here." It is popular here, there and everywhere.

C. H. L. (Camberwell).—"The mural embellishments of our house do not constitute the most artistic possible form of decoration." A windy way of saying you don't like your wallpaper.

TRADESMAN (Acton).—"If only people would pay their debts, everyone would be happy." If everyone *could* pay their debts, everything in the garden would be lovely.

IGNORANT (Wimbledon).—"Why are horses 'scratched'?" Often because there is a hitch in their training.

F. J. K. (Hull).—"I do not wish to talk about myself." And we don't wish you to; yet there are 12 pages of it!

ENQUIRER (Newry).—It is not possible to get a genuine ticket or number for the Calcutta Sweepstakes except through a member of the club.

WISE MAN (Edinburgh).—"The couples who try to dance for 24 hours must be perfect asses?" Nay, even an ass would not be so foolish as to attempt it.

DOUBTING THOMAS.—"I contemplate taking up the writer's course of a correspondence school. Do you recommend it?" Not unless you have some money to burn.

INNOCENT (Bursiem).—"Can you tell me why some people lose so often on the race-course?" That's easy. They back the wrong horses.

DISGUSTED. (Wilmslow).—"Has something happened to that disgusting creature Queenie Gerald?" Not yet, but we still live in hopes.

QUERULOUS (Doncaster).—"What's your opinion of the numerous people who send out circulars and pose as racing tipsters with a system?" With plenty of mugs about, it's an ideal way of making money.

BOGEY (Pinner).—"When a golfer says he went round in 70, what does it mean?" It means that he has but little respect for the truth.

Drapery Assistant's £1,500.

THE winner of the £1,500 *Bullets* Competition is Mr. Francis Hope How, of 112, Perry Rise, Forest Hill, S.E., who competed under the name of "John Hope," giving as his address that of a friend, 40, Orpington Road, Winchmore Hill, N. Mr. How is a draper's assistant employed at the Bon Marché, Brixton. The effort was, as he puts it, the "expression of a personal grievance," for since his demobilisation he and his wife have been amongst the large army of victims of the iniquitous house famine. Now, to use his own words, "the means have been provided which will enable us to say 'good-bye' to the discomforts that have been experienced in the last few years." He has been a fairly regular competitor. His wife has also been keenly interested in the Competition, and she selected the winning *Bullet* "Growing Fast—Indignation—Nation 'In Digs,'" from a long list of solutions which he had prepared. Like Mr. J. Wilson, the winner of the last £1,000 prize, Mr. How has closely studied the type of line that finds a place in the lists, and whenever an original idea has struck him, he has wisely made a note of it for future reference. By such methods *Bullets* Competition becomes, again to quote Mr. How, "a very stimulating and profitable recreation."

RESULT OF "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 477.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. A. J. BULL, 23, Searles Road, New Kent Road, London, S.E. 1.

Example:—LEAVES US GUESSING
Bullet:—GOODS MARKED "BRITISCH MADE."

SECOND PRIZE OF £20:

Mrs. E. G. WILLIAMS, Hendre, Station, Newport, Mon.

Example:—WHAT HUBBY SAYS
Bullet:—SOLOMON NEEDED HIS WISDOM.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. J. W. WOOD, 12, Paston Place, Brighton.

Example:—ALL THE BEST
Bullet:—REMARKS, SECONDER FINDS GONE.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

I. J. MINCHIN, 3, Lea Terrace, Norton Road, Norton-on-Tees:
ONLY A GIRL—NOW, PERHAPS FUTURE PREMIER.

GEORGE CREED, 25, Gardenia Street, Carlisle:
HER SHARE—"PURSE," "GLOVES" AND "RING."

O. W. CLARKE, 161, Holland Road, Harlesden, N.W.10:
BEYOND OUR MEANS—STALLS, WHEN TAKING WIFE.

R. A. SAUNDERS, Railway Cottages, Tankersley near Barnsley:
STUPID—DEMOCRACY, ONE TO FEAR.

A. BURROWS, Langtree Village, near Gt. Torrington, North Devon:
ONLY A GIRL—MISSING—DRAPERS' SHOW REST.

Mrs. EMMA C. LANGFORD, 20, Montrose Avenue, Redland, Bristol:
STUPID—TELLING REPORTER "IN CONFIDENCE."

MRS. W. LAKE, 72, Wern Street, Clydach Vale, Rhondda:
OUT OF PLACE—TEARS AT SPIRITUALIST'S FUNERAL.

FRANCES DAVIES, Post Office, Nantyffyllon, Bridgend:
CROWDED—NOVICE'S HOOK WITH BAIT.

R. PHILLIPS, 1, Saint Mark's Street, Wolverhampton, Staffs.:
HER SHARE—WHEN LISTENING-IN, "SHUT UP!"

D. LEATHERLAND, Derby Road, Kegworth, Derby:
STORM BREWING—SO LONG, IT'S IGNORED.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

R. W. WREN, 32, Brindley Street, Hull:
DARK AND FAIR—NIGHT WORK—DOUBLE PAY.

Mrs. A. COOK, 60, Inglefield Avenue, Cardiff:
WONDERFUL—WORLD, IF FEWER WORLDLY.

Mr. CALDECOTT, 2, Connaught Street, Leicester:
ON THE CARDS—WHEN WIFE PURCHASED WOOLS.

JAMES FINNIE, 3, Greenhow Avenue, Leeds:
DOING WELL—A "GOAL" IN FRONT.

Miss L. MCCORMICK, Drumbane Cottage, Urney, Co. Tyrone:
SPARKLING EYES—WATCH TEACHER APPROACHING SAINS.

A. EASTERBROOK, East Hill, St. Austell, Cornwall:
ON THE CARDS—LABOUR'S FOUND ANOTHER WEAPON.

FRANK WILSON, 47, Melrose Rd., Pitsmoor, Sheffield:
NO WAITING—IF ARABS WANT TENTS.

Mrs. E. G. BARTELL, 50, Chepstow Road, Newport, Mon.:
DARK AND FAIR—COUNSEL, DEFENDANT HESITATES BETWEEN.

Miss LOIS NEILSON, "The Angles," Drummond Road, Skegness:
UP TO SAMPLE—WAKEP, NERVOUS ORATOR APPARENTLY.
(Sent in on Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

F. T. GREEN, Whitestaunton Manor, Chard, Som.
STUPID—EASILY CONVINCED HE ISN'T.

"BULLETS" EASTER OFFER!

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 479.

WHEN LONDON SLEEPS
FLAT SEASON
A GOOD PAL
A BLACK
SPRING CLEANING
OLD AND YOUNG
GOLDEN DREAMS
ACCORDING TO TASTE
LOST ART
MAD
ON THE WAY
TRUE LOVE
A TOSS-UP
ANOTHER TIME
WELL BACKED
GOING CHEAP
STICKING TO IT
ARTFUL DODGER
KICKING
A BEAUTY
SMALL BOY
NEW MOVE
COMES AND GOES
NOTHING IN IT
BY ACCIDENT
A HANDFUL
SECOND SIGHT
IN PERIL
FREE OF DUTY
WAY OF THE WORLD
UP THE GARDEN
ROUGH PASSAGE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

All you have to do is to choose any of the Thirty-two examples given. Then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—MY MISFORTUNE. Bullet:—"GREY MATTER" OUTSIDE HEAD. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 479, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(479) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(479) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(479) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, April 5.

Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(479) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed_____
Address_____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES:—Cheques for £5, £3 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 479 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

List of Ten-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 477 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

Don't follow the Sheep at Easter

DON'T play the game of 'follow my leader' Don't be stampeded into buying a magazine just because there happen to be great names on the cover. Watch instead the people who buy PAN for the holidays. *They* are the ones to follow—*they* want to make sure of getting good fiction value and—they get it.

PAN selects its stories on merit not on names. Your Easter will be happ'er in PAN'S company. Get the April number to-day —just out!

PAN

THE BEST FICTION MAGAZINE

Monthly One Shilling.

A Gift Offer fit for a Princess

WOULD you like this exquisite Casket of Parfumerie "June Roses" Morny? Of a delicate rose-pink shade, silken finish and lettered in gold, the Casket is fit to adorn the dressing-table of a princess. Will you accept one of these pretty 15s. Caskets from the Editor of "PAN"? Peep inside the April issue, just out, and you will find full particulars of the most charming offer ever made by a magazine to its readers.

"JOHN BULL'S" Easter Gift to You.

Send no money

The beautifully designed, up-to-the-minute 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil which we offer you FREE, complete with clip, rubber and refills. Every time you slip in a new lead you will wonder how you ever did without such a wonder of convenience before.

A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE!

HERE is the most popular Easter Gift that JOHN BULL has ever offered to its readers. Its reception has been overwhelming.

The offer is made to introduce to thousands more of our readers the new model 5/- JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen. In producing this Pen, JOHN BULL has given to the world a pen of infinitely better value than has ever been offered before. It sets an entirely new standard in Pen values.

We could attempt to tell you here what a triumph this Pen really is. We could dwell on its handsome appearance, and tell you of the lovely writing qualities to be found in its 14-ct. gold nib. But we have a much better way than this of convincing you that we are offering you a Pen at the price of 5/-, the like of which you never thought possible. We ask you to send no money, but simply examine and try the pen for three days at your leisure. If you think we have done a revolutionary thing in producing a Pen like this for 5/-, remit the price, otherwise return the pen. Naturally only our unbounded faith in the Pen makes such a liberal offer possible.

And now comes the climax! With every Pen we give you FREE a handsome "Everpointed" Pencil complete with refills, rubber and clip—a handsome partner for the handsome Pen.

Think! A 5/- Pen worth at least half a guinea—a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! By using the coupon you can see what you get before you buy. Send now.

SENT ON 3 DAYS' TRIAL.

The new model 5/- JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Pen. Note the handsomely chased barrel which affords a snug grip as well as a generous ink supply. The screw cap makes leakage impossible. The 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give you writing joy for years to come. 2-year written guarantee with every pen.

CUT HERE

Send No Money. Available for 10 days only.

JOHN BULL PEN CO., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Please send me your new model 5/- JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/3 (including 3d. for postage and insurance), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" pencil as a free gift. If, on the other hand, I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition, within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, please cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B." 31/3/23. DATE.....

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